

**Easter Sunday Night**

Arrangements have been made for the under-mentioned Officers to visit the following corps:

**Dovercourt**—The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Maidment, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, Major and Mrs. Findlay, Staff-Captain Stollus, Adjutant Maisey, Ensign Henderson, Captain Bonyage.

**Temple**—Lt.-Colonel Turner, Major and Mrs. Moore, Staff-Captain Morris, Adjutant Calvert, Ensign Malone and Dalziel, Lieutenant Ashby.

**Lisgar**—Colonel Bullard, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Hargrave, Adjutant Hanning, Adjutant De Bow, Captain King.

**Yorkville**—Brigadier Cameron, Adjutant Walter, Captains Estwell, Rees, and Zetlin, and Women Cadets.

**Wychwood**—Brigadier and Mrs. Walker, Ensign Church, and Captain King.

**Korokuk**—Lt.-Major and Mrs. Creighton, Adjutant Bloss, Ensign Duncan, Captain Weeks.

**Riversdale**—Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Rees, Staff-Captain McAmmond, Ensign McNeill.

**Chester**—Brigadier Taylor, Major Atwell, Adjutant Walker, Ensign Silt, Captain Pymire.

**Earls Court**—Major Miller, Staff-Captain Arnold, and Adjutant Green.

**Rhodes Ave.**—Staff-Captain Bloss, Adjutant Habbick, Adjutant Edwards.

**Lapinacott**—Major Des Brisay, Adjutant Young, Captain Horwood, and Women's Social Staff.

**Parliament**—Major and Mrs. Phillips, and Cadets, also Staff of Men's Training College.

**West Toronto**—Brigadier and Mrs. Potter, Major Turpin, Ensign Lewis, Captain Myers, Captain Soderro, Captain Walter.

**East Toronto**—Major and Mrs. Fraser, Ensign Adams, Captain Anderson.

**Edmonton, Alta.**  
Ensign Neill of Toronto was with us for a recent week-end, says R. S. His address on the Scotch Revival was full of lessons.

The enlarging of our Hall has given an impetus to our work, and we can now accommodate about one hundred more people. And still we want more people. A new Citadel is anticipated.

**WE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU.**  
Continued From Page 14.  
2144. AFRON, CHAS. GORD, PRINCE-GEORGE, British, age 24, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, active, missing 26 years, when he was in the service in Canada, came to Canada, 1907; also wrote from Vancouver a year later, had worked for him. Aunt, now in Canada most anxious for news.

2145. GORDON, LEO, CHILTON, Ontario, age 20, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, active, missing 26 years, when he was in the service in Canada, came to Canada, 1907; also wrote from Vancouver a year later, had worked for him. Aunt, now in Canada most anxious for news.

2146. GORDON, LEO, CHILTON, Ontario, age 20, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, active, missing 26 years, when he was in the service in Canada, came to Canada, 1907; also wrote from Vancouver a year later, had worked for him. Aunt, now in Canada most anxious for news.

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# THE MASSEY HALL

TORONTO.

Good Friday  
Morning at  
Eleven o'clock

Easter Sunday  
Afternoon, at  
Three o'clock

Christ,  
and  
His  
Cross

Christ,  
the  
Con-  
queror

A POWERFUL PIC-  
TORIAL PORTRAY-  
AL OF THE CON-  
FLICT AND TRI-  
UMPH OF CAL-  
VARY.

A PRESENTATION  
IN MUSIC AND  
SONG OF THE  
GREATEST TRI-  
UMPH THE WORLD  
HAS EVER KNOWN.

BY

The Territorial Staff Band and Male Choir  
The Massed Bands and Songster Brigades  
of The Salvation Army

LIMELIGHT AND ELECTRIC  
EFFECTS—LIVING PIC-  
TURES.

COMMISSIONER DAVID M. REES  
In command, assisted by COLONEL SYDNEY MAIDMENT  
Chief Secretary, and the entire City Staff and Forces

OTHER EVENTS FOR GOOD FRIDAY MORNING.

930—Monster Serenade by the Massed Bands in the Parade Grounds  
of the Armouries.  
1000—March Past and Salute to the Commissioner and Staff.  
1015—March of Entire City Forces to Massey Hall.

**THE COMMISSIONER**

London, Young People's Day, Sun-  
day, April 13.

**THE CHIEF SECRETARY**  
Brantford, March 15 and 16.

**MRS. COLONEL MAIDMENT**  
Dovercourt, March 16.

**COLONEL BULLARD**  
The International Representative,  
touring Canada in the interests of  
The Salvation Army's missionary  
work, will conduct special meetings  
at the following Corps:

Montreal, March 14.  
Peterboro, March 15, 16, and 17.

St. Catharines, March 18.  
Perth, March 19.

Tweed, March 20.  
West Toronto, March 21 (night).

Lisgar Street, March 22, 23, and 24  
except Easter Sunday afternoon.

Calgary, March 29 and 30.  
Vernon, April 1.

Vancouver, April 3 and 4.

**LT. COLONEL TURNER**  
Halifax, March 23 and 24.

**BRIGADIER HARGRAVE**  
Wychwood, March 16.  
Dovercourt, March 30 and 31.

**BRIGADIER ADBY**  
Brantford, March 15 and 16.  
St. Catharines, March 17.

Welland, March 18.  
Niagara Falls, March 19.

Dunnville, March 22 and 23.  
Hamilton, March 29 and 30.

**BRIGADIER TAYLOR**  
Berlin, March 15 and 16.  
Ottawa, March 29, 30, and 31.

**MAJOR MORRIS**  
Petrolia, March 15, 16, and 17.  
Chatham, March 20, 29, and 31.

**MAJOR AND MRS. FINDLAY**  
Galt, March 20 and 21.

**MAJOR CREIGHTON**  
Huntsville, March 29 and 30.

**STAFF-CAPT. McAMMOND**  
Earls Court, March 30.

**STAFF-CAPT. ARNOLD**  
Chester, March 30 and 31.

**Dundas**  
We had with us on Friday, Febru-  
ary 21st, Brigadier Ashby and Ad-  
jutant Eberard, the Brigadier giving  
us the life of our Late General, The  
Hall was crowded.

On Saturday evening, in the ap-  
pointed meeting, a man gave himself to  
God at the drum-head, our Drum-  
mer taking off his overcoat for him  
to kneel upon.

The 11thness Meeting was a time  
of blessing. At night two souls  
came to the Mercy Seat for Salva-  
tion. The recent converts gave  
good testimonies.

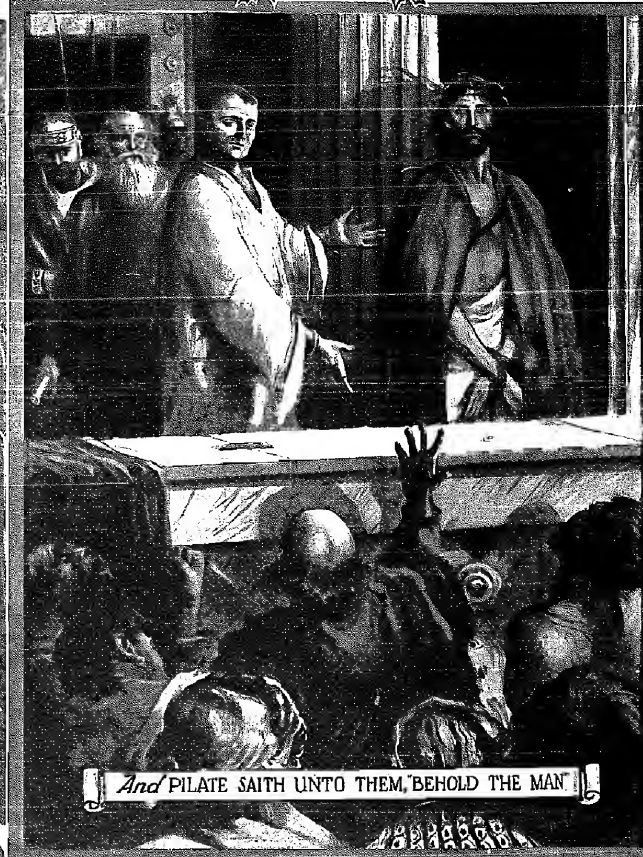
One soul sought for Salvation on  
Sunday, March 2nd. We are glad  
to say we have with us once again  
our Junior Sergeant-Major, Bro.  
Dickson.

**Federicton, N. B.**  
Staff Captain and Mrs. Coombs  
spent a recent week-end here. The  
crowds were splendid, but for the  
bad weather the Hall would have  
been crowded.

Mrs. Coombs' addresses were  
greatly appreciated. She quickly  
won her way in the hearts of the  
people. The prayer meeting brought  
six souls to the Mercy Seat.

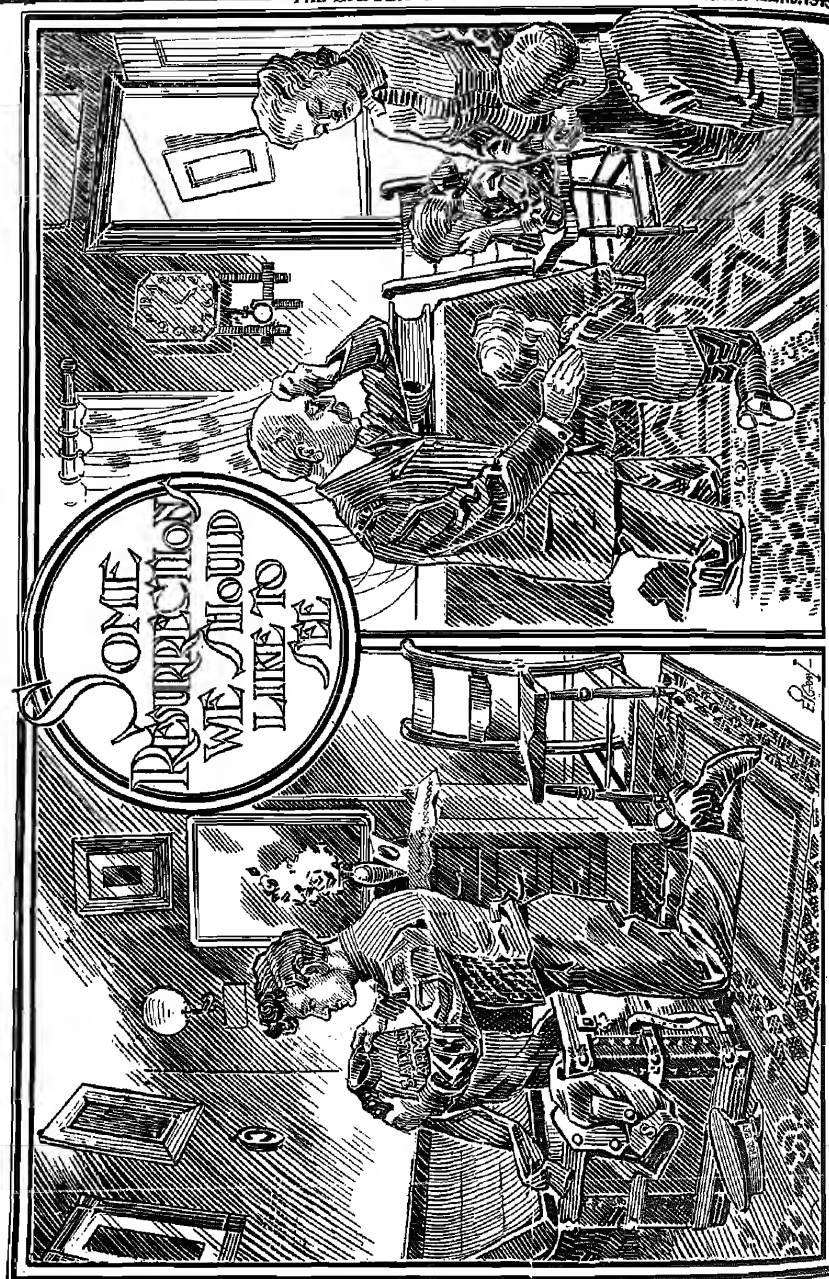
In connection with the recent  
visit of Staff Captain Bloss to Parry  
Sound, it should have been men-  
tioned that Captain Doherty an-  
nounced a social gathering with a  
splendid programme of music,  
songs, recitations, etc. An en-  
semble of four comrades recently  
placed, says S. W.

# The WAR CRY



And PILATE SAITH UNTO THEM, 'BEHOLD THE MAN'

## EASTER NUMBER



MARCH 22nd, 1913

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

PAGE 3



BY THE COMMISSIONER.

**THE ARMY SPIRIT**  
—how shall I describe it? I quite agree that it is something which characterizes the true Salvationist, who is alive to his responsibility, wherever he may be and whatever his circumstances. But to define the distinctive quality in a phrase is not so easy as it may seem.

Perhaps I can best explain what it means to myself by recalling a few examples of The Army Spirit which have come under my own notice.

It is, I should say, then, a spirit which, in its determination to do the will of God and get other people to do that will, is ready to take risks and even to attempt the impossible.

When I was Principal of the International Training College we had with us in 1911, a Danish sailor, a converted drunkard, and being accepted for Officership in that country, was brought into training at Clifton.

But it really seemed that someone had blundered. His knowledge of English was most limited. He could not profit by the lessons and lectures, for the simple reason that he did not understand the language in which they were given. He was good, but we could not imagine what he would do as an Officer. Two or three times his assent was solicited to me with a proposal that he should be told, as kindly as possible, that he was not suitable for Officership, and he given a suggestion that he should return to the sea.

#### Following Mysterious Footprints.

For some reason however, we did not like to take the extreme measure, and while we were hesitating (Colonel Dean and I) it became still more difficult for us to deal with him.

We found that someone was frequenting one of the dark lumber rooms, as they were then, in the basement of the Training College.

We traced footprints round to this dark little room, and saw that someone was evidently using it as a place for private prayer. Who could it be? Our inquiries revealed the fact that it was none other than our backward Danish Cadet! Four after hour, we discovered he was spending in prayer in this secluded place.

How could we send him home after such a discovery? In the end, therefore, he was commissioned as Lieutenant in charge of a village in the Home Counties.

What did he do? Preach, he could not. But he prayed with the villagers, and for them, too. He visited them most diligently. He talked to them of their need of God, of their sins, of Heaven, and of Hell; but, what is more, he worked with them in the fields, he dug their gardens, he repaired out their stables, and, a hardy man, there were very few things that he could not do.

He knew absolutely no fear; he was as ready to step the spurs in his career and speak to him of spiritual concerns as he was prepared to help the humblest villager.

The result was that with all his limitations he was loved and respected as few of his predecessors had been, and he started a wonderful work of soul-saving in the village—so wonderful that

#### What is The Army Spirit?

Even those who watch the Salvationist at a distance are conscious of the fact that there is something which distinguishes him from other Christian men who are marching towards the same goal.

But they find it difficult to give expression to that peculiar and striking characteristic. And Salvationists, while they know well enough what it always expected of them as responsible Soldiers of The Army, are often unable to describe the spirit that makes them so different from other people.

What has the Commissioner to say on the subject? Everyone who knows him at all knows that he is, through and through, a characteristic Salvationist, a leader who in himself and his work is one of the best embodiments of that spirit to be found. We asked him to describe, for the benefit of "The War Cry," some everyday manifestations of The Army Spirit as he had seen them in his long and active career.

Here is the result.—Ed.]

When, before the Officer left, the Chief of the Staff (our present General) went down in the Corps to conduct a swearing in of Soldiers, he found three hundred men and women converts awaiting him, and the swearing ceremony he had come to conduct.

#### It is a spirit of Practical Service.

One of our Swedish Divisional Officers once asked me, in passing between two big centres of population, to stop for an afternoon meeting in a little cathedral city where The Army was having a still fight. "You will get very few people," he said, "but you will help and cheer the Officers, two devoted young women. And then before the



Photo American Colony, Jerusalem  
THE ECCLE 10100 ARCH, JERUSALEM.  
The narrow road along which it is supposed that Jesus passed out to His Crucifixion.

day for my visit arrived such were his fears that he tried to cancel the appointment, but I had promised, and must go. It turned out, however, that the Divisional Officer was not so well informed of the conditions as he had thought.

In going from the railway depot he and I were astonished to see that, beginning with the superintendent, and all the way to the quarters, the people were saluting the Captain and Lieutenant. A great change must surely have come over the city in its attitude towards The Army.

Then, while waiting for meeting time, we were still more surprised to hear one of the Local Officers inform the Captain that the Hall, even at that moment, was full. We could not understand it.

Once in the meeting, however, the secret was revealed, for in a prominent position sat a converted drunkard with his wife and children; and it was the Captain's capture of this man and his family that had stirred the city.

I afterwards made the Captain tell me how it came about.

She said that when passing a house one evening he heard a woman's screams of "Murder!" from within. The neighbours were standing around terror-stricken, some had gone for the police. She went in at once, and stood between the man and woman who were fighting and struggling. The husband was mad with drink. The Captain tried to quieten him, and in time succeeded. Then she stayed with the couple all night, and never left the house until the man had not only bitterly repented of his folly and drunkenness, but had also claimed the pardon of God.

#### Great Wonder in That City.

Seeing the great change in her husband, the wife, too, was converted before long. And such had been the man's character that the people of the city were full of wonder. They were therefore coming to the Hall to see him and hear his testimony.

It is worth mentioning, by the way, that this was a military city, and among others who had been thus attracted to the meetings were the officer commanding the garrison, with his daughter. They were greatly impressed, and, to cut the story short, the daughter is now a Captain in The Salvation Army.

#### It is a spirit of Self-Sacrifice.

When I was in charge of our work in South Africa, two bright young men, Officers, who had just been sent to a Corps in the Eastern Provinces, wired to say that smallpox had broken out and that our Hall was being taken as a temporary hospital.

Measles were forbidden, and it seemed that we could only bring the Officers away as far as to lose their services. They did not think so, however, for they wired to me asking permission to place themselves at the disposal of the authorities for the work of nursing the smallpox patients.

I sent a long reply, in which I warned the young men of the risks they were taking. They replied that they had thought the matter out, and were prepared to accept any consequences.

[Continued on Page 16.]



# Our Bandsmen and Songsters

## THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S VOW.

COLONEL MITCHELL, when in Canada last year, told the following interesting story.

Some years ago the Officers and Soldiers of a Corps in the Midlands of England became deeply impressed with their need of a Band. Several of the Soldiers had a slight knowledge of music, and the Corps had a few instruments which, however, nobody could play!

One Sunday the Sergeant-Major, a man zealous for the cause of God, and somewhat more musical than the rest, ventured out to the open-air meeting with an instrument. Two or three of the comrades followed his example, and together they essayed some of the simple songs tunes, but came to grief every time.

Ashamed that they could not do better for their Corps and the sake of God's Kingdom, they trooped back to the Hall.

The Sergeant-Major was almost heart-broken. He wrestled with God in prayer over the matter, and later on in the day went to one of the Soldiers who had taken part in that memorable open-air meeting, and who was as deeply concerned about the matter as himself, although sadly lacking in musical knowledge.

As the two walked homeward from the meeting, the Sergeant-Major said:

"I feel downright ashamed of this Band affair, don't you, Brother Jones? For a Corps the size of ours we ought to have a good Band, which would, in a measure, bring us out of the despised condition we're now in. Can't we do something?"

They walked along in silence for a few moments, and then the Sergeant-Major said: "Brother Jones, if you will help me, I believe that by the grace of God, we can have a Band here. Are you prepared to stand by me?"

The two men halted and faced each other. Then grasping hands they vowed that, by God's help, they would never cease to work and pray until a good Band marched down the streets of their town.

And they lived to see their ambition realized. Night after night the Sergeant-Major spent in his home, instructing the men, who had "played" on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, in the art of music. Many months went by, and although there were no visible evidences of the Sergeant-Major's work, he plodded away, scarcely taking time for meals and proper sleep, so anxious and so determined was he to fulfil his vow.

God honoured the toil and prayers of the two humble Soldiers, and to-day the Corps has a Band which is well and widely known all over England.

## A TYPICAL CANADIAN SONGSTER.

A TYPICAL Canadian Songster is Sister Mrs. Tuck, of Lisgar St. Corps, Toronto: typical, one might truthfully say, of hundreds of sweet singers and hard workers in the Corps in this Territory.

Before conversion, Mrs. Tuck often attended Army meetings, and as often was convicted of sin. One Sunday night, however, the Soldiers gathered round her, and prayed until the Spirit of God compelled her to yield. She became a Soldier right away, to the positive surprise of her parents and relatives, whose attitude has now completely changed, in favour of The Army. Long before the Songster-Drill was formed, Mrs. Tuck was working energetically in the



SISTER MRS. TUCK

Corps. She has in turn, been a Company Guard, "War Cry" Sergeant, and Visiting Sergeant, and although family duties keep her from doing anything in connection with the two first-named positions, she still visits any sick comrade or friend whenever possible.

Eighteen months ago when the Brigade was formed by Bandsman Perrett (now of West Toronto) Mrs. Tuck was selected for the treble section, in which she still sings. She also bears convincing testimony to the blessing of sanctification, and has the joy of seeing her husband still in the Band, of which he was one of the first members. Their three children are Juniors, for, after fifteen years of Salvation Army fighting at Lisgar Street, Mrs. Tuck feels that "there is nothing like it in the world"—a fact which the children are finding out for themselves.

## THE BEST MUSIC FOR GOD.

WHAT a theme we have for our best music! The unspeakable love of God, the unspeakable riches of Christ! The joy God feels in showing mercy to the penitent, the joy of the angels in Heaven over every sinner that repenteth! The world sings its songs of unbelieve, or of war or wine, and often commands the use of good music. But the best belongs by right to God. In the name of God it must be laid hold of and made to minister, not for the destruction but for the salvation of those who hear. The most thrilling theme a human soul can listen to ought to be wedded to the best music human ear has ever heard.

The best music always announces itself loudly, and so commands attention. A single string, stretched on a wooden shoe, was said to be the only instrument used by the famous Paganini; yet the sound of it was heard far and near, a whistling harp, or a village, Hall, may be played as effectively and with grander spiritual results than a cathedral organ. A beautiful voice, fitted up in the Open-Air, even at a noisy street-corner, will arrest attention and send other noises by the sheer force of its sweetness and searching power. Oh, the strength of sweetness, especially when it is allied to loving and helpful service! Our happy, healthful, joyous melodies have a strange carrying power. They reach not only the ears of sinners far away, but their hearts also.

## SCANDINAVIAN MUSICIANS.

THE Band connected with The Army's Scandinavian Corps in Winnipeg has an interesting, if brief, history. It began with the appointment to the Corps of Adjutant Karl Larsson, who, by the way, was a member of the Swedish Staff Band which attended the International Congress in London in 1902.

All the Bandsmen, including Swedes and Norwegians, are converts of the Corps since it was opened, and all were taught to play by the Adjutant. The instruments used and the music played came from The Army's Headquarters in Sweden. The Band made its first appearance in public during June, 1912.

In addition to the above, Staff-Captain Perrett to whom we are indebted for this information says:

"The Bandsmen are active Soldiers of the Corps, and turn out twice during the week on Sundays. One of their number (the bass player) has been selected for the Training College since the photograph was taken, but the Adjutant informs me that he has secured two more Bandsmen who do not appear in the photograph."

"The playing," concludes the Staff-Captain "is very creditable, and under the Adjutant's baton the Band is being made a source of inspiration to the Corps and to the district."



THE BAND ATTACHED TO THE WINNIPEG IV. (SCANDINAVIAN) CORPS. ADJUTANT LARSSON HOLDING BATON.

# Easter Scenes in Palestine

Specially written for the Canadian "War Cry" by Harold J. Shepherson

AT EASTERTIDE our thoughts naturally turn to the Holy Land and the scenes of the stirring events of the last earthly days of our Lord and Saviour. We think of the Last Supper in the upper room, where "He took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and gave them, saying, 'This is my body.' We recall His agony in the garden, whilst His disciples slept; His trial before Pontius Pilate, His crucifixion, and His resurrection; and we wonder whether any of the places connected with these momentous events are still to be traced, and what they look like to-day.

Let us then journey, in imagination, to this sacred land and visit the places made dear to us through their association with our Lord's passion. I know of no more instructive lesson to the reader who is visiting the Holy Land than to take the New Testament and endeavour to trace the places recorded in the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th chapters of St. Luke.

Here and there we may be a little disappointed, but our eyes will, nevertheless, behold scenes upon which our Saviour looked when on earth, and our feet will traverse some of the roads over which He walked.

Spring-time in the Holy Land. Early Spring is by far the best time of the year to visit Palestine. After the winter rains it is fresh and green. The air is filled with the scent of wild flowers, the song of birds, and the sound of many buzzing insects. And as we make our pilgrimages from one sacred spot to another we seem again to hear the glorious proclamation: "He is risen!" We shall find the Holy City very crowded, for at this season of the year many thousands of pilgrims, chiefly from Russia, visit Jerusalem. Sometimes they are so numerous that accommodation in the city is exhausted and they have to camp by the roadside.

At night at such times you may stroll through avenues of sleeping pilgrims in the environs of Jerusalem. As you gaze upon them you marvel at their religious zeal and admire their simple faith, for they have travelled hundreds of miles, must be so foot, with only one night in view, and that is in gaze upon the Holy Sepulchre and kiss the traditional tomb of Christ.

The modern student who is endeavouring to trace the sacred sites of Palestine, particularly those in the Holy City, must remember that when the Roman general, Titus took Jerusalem he laid the city waste. He pulled down its mighty walls and towers, its glorious temple, its many synagogues, and carried the people into captivity. Then for a hundred years Jews and Christians were forbidden to enter the city, and when allowed to return no one was left who could point out to them the places that were so sacred to their religion. We must also remember that the streets of Jerusalem of to-day are at least from 60 to 80 feet above the level of the Jerusalem of Christ's time.

[The tremendous facts of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection do not in the least depend for confirmation upon the witness of the senses or the testimony of the rocks and stones around Jerusalem. Both stand independent of anything that we may see or handle.]

And yet about the scenes that were once associated with the Saviour's human life there must forever rest the indescribable charm that belongs to the most sacred of memories. Our late beloved General felt this when, years ago, he visited Calvary; and while we may not trace The General's steps through the city and its enchanting surroundings, we may in the light of articles such as the following make the Bible narrative of those last momentous days of our Lord much more real and vivid to our hearts and minds. It should be added that the writer of this paper has lived in Jerusalem.—Ed.]

With these things in mind, we make our way to a large group of buildings near the Zion Gate. Here is pointed out the upper room where Christ and His disciples partook of that memorable supper. It is a large room, evidently part of an ancient church. Two pillars stand in the middle of the unadorned apartment and four pillars with curious capitals project from the walls. A stone is pointed out as being the one on which the Lord sat. We know, of course, that these things are only traditional, but they bring home to us in a very vivid way the story of the first Easter and the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour.

But if the cities of Palestine have changed with the light of time, its mountains and hills, its

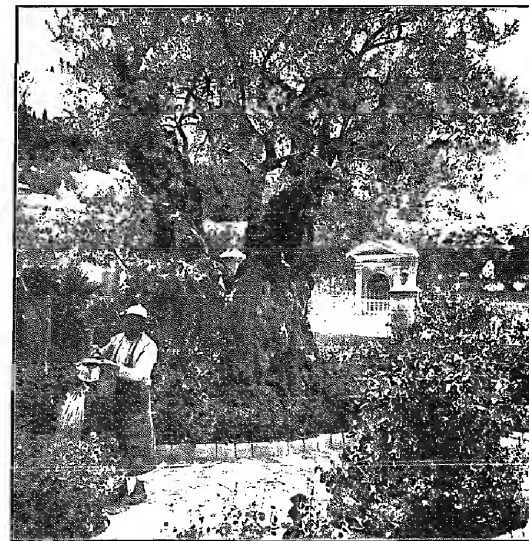
valleys, streams, rivers, and lakes have not, and the Mount of Olives upon which is located the Garden of Gethsemane is physically the same as when Christ gazed upon it. As we behold the Mount from St. Stephen's Gate we remember that up its ascent David went, bareheaded and weeping, as he fled from Absalom his son. On its slopes, too, Christ sat and taught, uttering the tremendous prophecies of the 24th chapter of Matthew. Three paths lead to the summit, and up and down some of them, if not all of them, "those blessed feet" passed as the Master went to and came from Bethany during those last days of His earthly life.

We walk up the Mount and enter the Garden. We cannot be certain that this is the actual site of the garden, but if this is not the exact spot it must have been somewhere close by. Surrounded by a high wall, it is but a small plot of ground, containing neatly-arranged flower beds and three or four very old olive trees. These trees are known to be very ancient, probably offsprings of those that flourished in the days of Christ. Here then, or close by, was heard the most wonderful prayer of the ages: "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done." uttered whilst His disciples slept but "a stone's cast" away.

Pilgrims in the Street of Pain. With our thoughts turning to the betrayal Peter's denial and bitter repentance, and the memorable scene in Pilate's judgment hall, we retrace our steps citywards. We have now reached Via Dolorosa, or the "Street of Pain." Being Easter time, it is full of pilgrims, who zig-zag course to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is the spot, we are told, along which the Saviour walked to suffer and die for our redemption. It really consists of four characteristic streets, including the narrow-arched passage, the open-way with the huzzed-up camels, and steps that show the rise and fall of the hills on which the city is built.

Fourteen stations mark the various episodes that are supposed to have distinguished the painful journey of our Lord, commencing with the traditional site of Pilate's judgment hall, and ending in the sepulchre where the body of Christ is supposed to have lain. One of our photographs shows the Ecce Homo Arch in Via Dolorosa, believed to mark the spot where Pilate uttered the words: "Behold the man!"

We traverse the narrow streets until we come to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most famous of all the churches in Palestine. It is built over the supposed place of the crucifixion and burial. Helena, the mother of Constantine, founded the church. She came to Jerusalem in the year 45 to mark the site of Calvary, and history tells us how, in a wonderful dream, the exact spot was revealed to her. Here again we cannot be sure of our ground, but



THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT TIME. Experts say that if Gethsemane was not here at this spot it must have been close by. Here then, or close by, was heard the most wonderful prayer of salvation. "Nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done."

[Continued on Page 18.]

# A Page of Army Storiottes

CONTRIBUTED BY READERS OF "THE WAR CRY."

## SALVATIONIST IN A LUMBER CAMP.

[By Mrs. Adjutant Hoddioott, Dovercourt.]

WHEN Adjutant and I were stationed at Huntsville, the following story was related to us by a comrade who had just returned from the lumber camps of Northern Ontario, and who had heard the facts from the lips of the man who played the principal part. It shows how the possession of The Army spirit by even the humblest of our Soldiers leads them to fight for souls wherever they may be.



The hero of my story, as I may well call him, was Sergeant Major of an Ontario Corps. One winter he went to the lumber camps to work, and he took his Salvationist with him. His aggressive spirit with him. He was not like one of whom I heard, who, when asked how he got on among the lumbermen, replied: "Oh, very well; not one of them knew I was a Christian. So, this Sergeant-Major was a Salvationist in spirit as well as in name.

At the end of the first day's work, when all the men were in the bunk-house preparing to turn in, he pulled out his Bible and commenced to read to himself as was his custom. As he read, the thought came to him that he ought to make some effort to get the men converted. They were a wild and careless lot, and many had already cast sneering remarks at him as they observed him reading.

"Boys," he said, "I'd like to read you a chapter out of this book before we turn in. What do you say?"

A roar of laughter went up from the crowd, but just for the novelty of the thing they finally consented to give him a respectful hearing. He read from one of the Gospels, and then asked if they would like to hear him sing. "Go ahead!" they shouted. He sang a hymn, and then the old story of Jesus and His love.

Before he got through many heads were bowed, and there were tears in the eyes of some of the men. The good man was awed by this man's simple faith, and their hearts were touched by the sweet memories of childhood that the song brought back to them.

The Sergeant-Major saw his chance. "Now, I'm going to pray with you, boys," he said. He knelt down on the bunk-house floor, but before he prayed a sudden inspiration came to him to sing another song that would remind these rough fellows of the time they knelt at their mother's knees.

"Join with me in singing the sweet little prayer that most of our sang when you were youngsters," he said, and started: "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

He had not finished the verse before the sound of sobbing was heard. A hardy soldier had completely broken down. The Sergeant-Major knew how to deal with him—he had brought scores of sinners to Jesus in his Corps—and he was quickly by his side urging him to give his heart to God right away. The man fell on his knees crying for mercy, and a wonderful prayer meeting went on in that bunk-house in the hours that followed. Before it ended eight men had found the Saviour.

And that was really the start of The Army's work in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

## HELPING A LONELY GIRL.

[By Sister Jessie Ross, Ottawa Ill.]

NOT long ago there came to one of our Canadian cities a young girl named Jenny. She felt very sad at leaving friends and relatives in the Old Land to come to a situation here. Her mistress was kind to her, but still

she felt it keenly to be among strangers, and not to have one instant friend.

One day on answering a ring she found a woman at the door with kindled goods to sell. Neither did her mistress; but before leaving, the woman asked her in a kindly way if she was a stranger in the city. Jenny admitted that she was.

"Well dear," said the woman, "I am a widow and a Salvationist, but you are welcome to come to my humble little home whenever you like."

Jenny thanked her and said good-bye. Not long after, feeling very lonesome, she called on her Salvationist friend. There was a feeling of something like dread in her heart, however, as she thought the conversation might turn on spiritual things, and she had no wish to be spoken to about her soul. The fact was she was a backslider.

The Salvationist did not speak to her about her soul, however, that night; but as she shook hands at parting, she simply said, "God bless you dear, come again."

Next time Jenny called on her friend she stayed a little longer, and while they were talking two little boys came into the room. Their mother introduced them, and after a little talk, said: "Now boys, say your prayers and then you can go to bed."

They knelt down and sang, "Jesus knows all about our struggles." Then one of the boys, thinking it was quite the proper thing to do, no doubt, called on the visitor to pray. Poor Jenny turned hot and cold by turns. What could she do? Then the thought came to her that she could start that moment to serve God afresh. So she began to pray, first of all asking God's blessing on her kind friend.

And then asking God to forgive her wickedness and rebellion and receive her again. In this humble little home she again found peace with God.

She took much joy after that in attending The Army meetings, and now she is a Candidate. And all through the kindness of a Salvationist Soldier who sought to obey the Master's injunction to be kind to strangers.

## THE CAPTURE OF KELLY.

[By Cadet Harold Fry.]

KELLY was a boozier, and a bad one, too, as his poor wife could testify. In fact, so bad were matters becoming that she was making preparations to leave him, having suffered about as much as she could stand from him. Once in a drunken frenzy he had hurled a knife at her, but fortunately it just missed its mark. One day as two young Army Bandmen were going through the streets of the town to attend the foundation stone laying of a Citadel, Kelly bumped into them.

"Say, are you coming to The Army to-night?" asked one of the Bandmen.

"Yes, I'll come," replied Kelly.

"Then we'll see you home and bring you to the meeting to-night," said the Bandmen. Army in arm with them Kelly walked to the street, and as they went he talked to them. Among other things he told them that his wife had once been a Salvationist. The rest of the story is best told in one of the Bandmen's own words. He says:

"We received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Kelly, and had tea with the family, as we intended to stick to our man, supper or no supper."

"After the meal we convinced the man that God was able to save him, and so all in the house got down on their knees. Then the struggle began."

"The man was anxious to be saved, but he could not see how he could get right until after

the following Tuesday, as he had challenged anyone in the town to box with him. A man had accepted the challenge, and the fight was to come off the next morning, and it would make him appear a coward if he did not see the thing through."

"Even so, truly, however, he was willing to be called a coward, if only God would save him, so I put the challenge slip into the fire, and we began to pray for him."

"If ever in our lives it was hard for us to wear full uniform, while it was then, it was then. The devil was suggesting all sorts of temptations, and we were serious inconsistencies, he was a good old man, and it can safely be said that his children had the blessing of a Christian birth."

Consequently Devasundrum, with his brothers and sisters, attended a Christian school, and considering all the circumstances, received a fairly good Christian training. The father's position enabled him to secure for each of them more than ordinarily good education and a tolerably fair start in life. The eldest son, following in the steps of his father, became dispenser in a Mission Hospital, and an elder of the Church; but Devasundrum was trained as a surgeon, and this led to his ultimately occupying an important post in the service of the British Government, in Borneo, one of its Eastern Colonies.

It was while on a visit to his home, in a small South Indian town, that he met The Salvation Army, and as a result became definitely converted. His wife also, it should be noted, decided for Christ at the same time.

We were then pioneering in the district in which Devasundrum's home was situated. Our small Headquarters was located at Kampet, a little town that had once been a native military centre, but which, for sanitary reasons, had now ceased to serve that purpose. The military had removed to another place, and with their departure had also gone the glory and prosperity of the little town.

Our quarters were charitably called a house and not a hut. It consisted of a mud wall, a floor of similar material, and slatted roof; yet, in view of the fact that it contained two rooms and a small verandah, we felt justified in applying to it the more dignified appellation of "house."

Many Treasured Memories. And this little place is associated with many treasured memories of the trials and triumphs of those early pioneer days in South India. A distinct recollection is a momentous decision made by Devasundrum on a certain Easter morning.

He held, it must be remembered, a remunerative position in the Government service, and he fully intended to return to Borneo to again take up the work which he had only temporarily left. After conversation, both he and his wife were very devout, and possessing exceptional abilities with a knowledge of the English language, we were anxious that he should give up his prospects in the Government service and become an Officer in The Army. At that time, however, no Officer received any allowance. Provisions were made for their barest needs, but in one of our earliest efforts in the direction of self-support, we were, by begging from door to door and other means, expected to secure a measure of our own maintenance.

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(Continued on Page 9)

# DEVASUNDRUM'S CONSECRATION

An Easter Story of The Army's Pioneering Days in South India.

Retold by COLONEL BULLARD.

DEVASUNDRUM was a Christian; that is, nominally—he was a born Christian, but was not born again. His father, an old military veteran, had been for years a dispenser attached to the medical service of the native army in India, and the old gentleman was very proud of the fact. Living on a generous pension during his last years, he always held his head erect, carefully rinsed his side whiskers, and even to the very last, almost foppishly concerned about every detail of his dress and appearance.

Next to the pride, Devasundrum's father felt in his military standing and record of service was the high estimate of the importance of his position as elder of the Church with which he was connected. He certainly was a "clerk," but in spite of some peculiarities and what, at times, were serious inconsistencies, he was a good old man, and it can safely be said that his children had the blessing of a Christian birth.

In Government Service. Consequently Devasundrum, with his brothers and sisters, attended a Christian school, and considering all the circumstances, received a fairly good Christian training. The father's position enabled him to secure for each of them more than ordinarily good education and a tolerably fair start in life. The eldest son, following in the steps of his father, became dispenser in a Mission Hospital, and an elder of the Church; but Devasundrum was trained as a surgeon, and this led to his ultimately occupying an important post in the service of the British Government, in Borneo, one of its Eastern Colonies.

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He held, it must be remembered, a remunerative position in the Government service, and he fully intended to return to Borneo to again take up the work which he had only temporarily left. After conversation, both he and his wife were very devout, and possessing exceptional abilities with a knowledge of the English language, we were anxious that he should give up his prospects in the Government service and become an Officer in The Army. At that time, however, no Officer received any allowance. Provisions were made for their barest needs, but in one of our earliest efforts in the direction of self-support, we were, by begging from door to door and other means, expected to secure a measure of our own maintenance.

The self-sacrifice which such a me-

thod equaled was too much for the devotion of Devasundrum, and he had therefore completed arrangements for his return to Borneo. But a small Easter morning meeting, held shortly before the time of his intended departure, changed his whole future; so that instead of continuing as a comfortably settled Government servant he became a devoted and successful officer in The Army, eventually, after long and valued service, attaining the rank of Major, and at last dying triumphantly beneath the flag.

This particular Easter morning gathering followed, I well recollect, a troublesome night. We were called out from our infant and restless slumbers to attend to a young woman crying near and who had been bitten by a poisonous snake. Someone had passed, however, when we received the message; she was already in a comatose condition, and she died two or three hours afterwards. The reptile was a cobra—the district was infested by them—and, although the usual simple and standard remedies were applied, it was known that nothing could be done which was likely to counteract the worst effects of the deadly venom.

In further explanation of the hardship involved in Devasundrum's call it should be added that our mud-walled quarters did not contain a scrap of furniture of any kind; we simply had mats, which were spread upon the hard, uneven floor and made to do service as bed by night and to rest upon as required by day.

For this Easter gathering there were assembled, in addition, to myself, Lieutenant, Yessu Pathan—now Brigadier and Chief Secretary for the South India Territory—several other Officers, and a number of our converts.

It was a soul-moving meeting. The suffer-

ing of Christ on the Cross was contemplated, as well as the victory of His Resurrection over death and the grave. The greatest victories were often preceded, it was suggested, by the greatest sacrifices. In this way Devasundrum was helped to decide, and after weeping and agonizing and praying, the spirit of self in Devasundrum—the spirit that seeks first its own comfort—was conquered, and his life was fully consecrated to God and the Salvation War.

## He Never Turned Aside.

From that consecration he never once turned aside, but zealously and unwearingly continuing to toil and sacrifice for the salvation of souls, he became one of the earliest pioneers of The Army's present successful work in South Transvaal, Cape Colony, and also did special work among the Pariahs, or low caste people of Madras.

Devasundrum has now gone Home to his reward, but of him also we may truly say, his works do follow him, and few far-reaching results of that Easter morning consecration are seen in the important part that Devasundrum played in the laying of the foundations of The Army in South India.

## HAPPY "DAD" MADDOCK

A Wonderful Transformation at Fort William

Conversion has been well described in one of its aspects as the only means "by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person"; and, again, "as the process, gradual or sudden, by which men consciously wrong inferior, and unhappy, become consciously right superior, and happy."

One of the happiest, therefore, because one of the most transformed men in the Dominion at this Easter is "Dad" Maddock, of Fort William.

When, nineteen years ago, Staff-Captain Haves opened the Corps in this West Ontario town, Maddock was a drunkard, an outcast whom most of his townsmen despised. Certainly the thought of his ever being converted had not occurred to them, even if, in his sober moments, it had to him.

He had previously lived a rough life in the lumber camps, and was at this time elated in matters. He slumbered around town, making a few cents here at this hotel and then at that. But, to use his own words, he could never keep five cents in his pocket—it went at once for drink.

Adrift in the World. The Officers, having no one to help them in the beginning, got Maddock to do their janitor work at the Hall. He attended most of the meetings, sitting well towards the front, and it soon became evident that good desires were breaking in upon his darkened intelligence. He had had no training in the things that are good. His mother died when he was a little child, and he was cast adrift alone upon the world's wild seas. If therefore, he was a character to a little child, he was able to trust Christ as his Saviour with the simple faith also of a little child.

The change in Dad's life was wonderful beyond comparison. He went to work. He became a new man in appearance, as well as in character, disposition, and his happy testimony often included a charmingly simple reference to the fact that although it used to be impossible for him to keep five cents he had now so many dollars in the bank.

Dad's transformation made a deep impression upon the town. He is loved by his comrades—that is why they call him "Dad"; for he is not a family man—and respected by the townspeople.



COLONEL BULLARD AND LIEUT.-COLONEL YAMAMOTO. Colonel Bullard, who is campaigning in Canada in the interests of The Army's Missionary Work, was for many years President of the Japanese Society in Japan, and for many years Yamamoto is Chief Secretary.

# Canadian Field Officer's Story

BY FAITH the saints of old out of weakness were made strong, who shall attempt to describe the mighty triumphs that prayer has wrought. Prayer is undoubtedly the hidden secret of the mysterious, the otherwise inexplicable spiritual influence of ordinary men and women like ourselves. Often there is no other explanation, and though in the case of Staff-Captain Emma Hayes, of the Toronto Temple Corps, there are other contributing causes, it is prayer the first place in her life is attributable most of the blessing that has attended her twenty-three years of work for God on the Canadian battlefield.

Happily for her, as well as for all the men, women, and little children who have come early to her career, "A Field Officer's life must be filled with work—you will always be busy, if you are to succeed," said the then Mrs. Major Marguerite to Captain Hayes, who, as quite a girl, was being sent from the Lippington Training Garrison into the Field—"You will always be busy, but you must never be too busy to pray."

## Training Home Memories.

In looking back over the years, that says the Staff-Captain, is the most vivid memory of her Training days, when the then Staff-Captain Nellie Banks, now Mrs. Staff-Capt. Malby, nothing was so deeply imprinted on her mind as that word of supreme wise counsel, given at one of those moments of crisis when one's destiny turns upon the thing spoken, or, equally important, the thing left unsaid.

The training imparted in those stirring days did not specially aim at the turning out of precursors, whatever else it sought to do. It erred, perhaps, a little in the other direction. "Don't bother beforehand," it counselled, in effect, "about what you are going to say; trust in God and He will give you the message." Three months' stay in the College, therefore, did not make her a fiery or a fluent speaker, but she had acquired warm gleams from the rising sun of prayer, in the unlimited night of which she was able afterwards to take the "impossible" fields that would, without that light and aid, have sent her home defeated.

"My greatest difficulty," she says, "has been the platform." She is speaking especially of her early days as an Officer. How was she to prepare for meetings? What could she give the people? As she was advanced to bigger commands the thought became more and more insistent, and had it not been for the uplift and courage and strength that prayer brought she would have given way.

Sometimes the responsibility seemed almost too much. Then she would spend longer time on her knees alone with God. Before entering upon a heavy week-end campaign she would pray half the night, or all night, if physical strength would allow. Her preparation for the, of course, found that earnest prayer had to be accompanied by careful thought and study—was thus bedewed with refreshing grace, and more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

## Preparing for the Week-end Meetings.

Prayer and Faith. The Staff-Captain has always, since becoming an Officer, had the insight and instinct to recognize that her steps were being ordered by God. But that conviction has never permitted her to "stand aside." Her devotion is practical. Her spiritual ecstasies are never far removed from soil, responsibility, and war.

She has had her times of testing. Once on getting farewell orders from a town where she had had a good time, she surveyed the Field for possible appointments and concluded that she was willing for anything with two exceptions—

[Staff-Captain Hayes, of Toronto Temple Corps, here speaks of some of the experiences that have influenced her character and work. She relates the romantic circumstances connected with the conversion of "Old Steve the Hermit," reveals a secret that will powerfully appeal especially to Officers of The Army, and shows how tact and persistence triumphed in the case of the man who declared, "No religion beyond doubt that to her fixed resolve to give prayer the first place in her life is attributable most of the blessing that has attended her twenty-three years of work for God on the Canadian battlefield."

certain Corps in the same Division, and the West. She could scarcely explain her aversion in the first instance. As to the second, she did not at that time wish to go so far away from her father—her mother had died when the Staff-Captain was a little girl.

Her orders meant she was appointed to the very Corps she had not wanted. "I never could and never would refuse an appointment," says the Staff-Captain, "and I went; but I had not been there more than two or three weeks when I received a wire asking me to go to the West! My accepting of the first difficulty had prepared me for the second. My father died while I was away in the West, but there God gave me my greatest victories."

During her second charge of Vancouver I. I. she seemed that, even with prayer and trust, she had turned for a night into a blind alley. She and a comrade who was staying with her

"Take us to him," said the Staff-Captain. They went, and, getting dark, and Old Steve, who was reading and smoking, had just came for refreshment to be visited at such a time, by three women.

The Staff-Captain spoke to him with a kindly interest in his welfare. He said he had been living there alone twenty years. He had never been to the city for ten, and consequently during all that time he had not attended a religious service.

Before leaving they knelt and prayed in the cabin, and when shaking hands with the old man—he was eighty years of age—they saw that tears were filling his eyes.

"You must go and see him again," were the Staff-Captain's final instructions to the last, "and try to help him."

In a week or two the Soldier returned to the city, and her first words as she joyfully greeted the Staff-Captain were, "Old Steve is truly a lifeless!"

## How the Old Hermit Got a Chance.

Now there was little doubt that they had missed the boat home in order that the poor old hermit might be saved. It seemed a wonderful offering of Providence. About six weeks later the Staff-Captain, with regret, that "Old Steve" had been found dead in his cabin! Some hunters had happened to be his way. They looked into the cabin and saw the old man, and on going in found him "lifeless!" He had been dead some time.

And now it was impossible to know that God had had that night, in those strange circumstances, directed their steps to the old man's hut.

The Staff-Captain's confidence in the power of prayer received striking confirmation during her command of Brandon Corps. She had, for years, watched the work of a sister Officer with admiration and pardonable awe. What could her secret be? She was not brilliant in any way so far as could be seen; and yet she always had success. Now she was coming in Hayes' Corps for a week-end, and the secret would be revealed.

It was; and the Staff-Captain will never lose the impression thus gained. The visiting Officer was passing West to be wedding. She was just breaking her journey for a day or two there-to-day and gone home—she might, perhaps, have taken her part in the week-end meetings without undue anxiety. But that is not the way of the successful Officer. It was no less. On Saturday she remained up till midnight, prayer meetings. Next morning she was up again at 6 o'clock for the same purpose. She was a woman of prayer.

"I had intended asking her for her secret," says the Staff-Captain, "but there was no secret. I saw it as plain as plain could be."

## Blessing Out of Cross-Bearing.

If you could get the Staff-Captain to speak of the cause of her own effectiveness in a Corps she would most probably say it is spiritual. Even that has been, and sometimes still is, a cross to her. Yet she loves it. And here some of her most striking victories have been won. In Vancouver, B.C., for instance, a lady lately asked the Staff-Captain to visit a man, a neighbour of hers, who had had a serious fall and attack, and was thought to be dying. She and Captain Knudson, her faithful armour-bearer, went. His wife received them and showed them into the room opposite that in which the man lay. All as he was, there was little hope that he would see them.

"Some visitors to see you," his wife cautiously announced.

"Who are they?" he petulantly inquired.

"Salvation Army Officers," was the reply; "may they come in?"

[Continued on Page 22.]



STAFF-CAPTAIN HAYES (center), CAPTAIN KNUDSON (left), and CAPTAIN NELSON.

crossed one morning to visit a Soldier who was domestic with a family at their island home, nine miles from the city. There was only one boat out and back per day. It being visited the boat, the Officers, started for the wharf, allowing about an hour to cover the distance of a mile. To their astonishment, however, the boat was not there when they were at the wharf, and left almost an hour before scheduled time.

They tried to get to the city by crossing to another island, but a gale had suddenly arisen and the boat was not permitted to go. They were stranded on the island, and they were in a dilemma. "I rested on a log by the seashore and prayed about it," the Staff-Captain says. "I was sure that God would send the boat. I waited for the evening for nothing. I prayed that they would show up what to do."

Then, turning to the last Soldier, she asked if there were no people whom they could visit or with whom they could have a meeting.

"No one," was the comfortless reply; "unless it is at our house, and that would never do."

The speaker then remembered, however, that there was one other dweller on the island: "Old Steve" the hermit, who lived alone in his cabin some distance away.

# Jamaica, Lovely Tropic Isle

A LOOK AT ITS BEAUTY, ITS KINDLY, COURAGEOUS AND PICTURESCUE PEOPLE; AND A DESCRIPTION OF SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.

By COLONEL MAIDMENT, Canada's Chief Secretary.



AMPLY, radiant Jamaica, with its exquisite landscapes, its crystal rivers, and its magnificent sea views!

It was during one of his voyages of exploration along the coast of Cuba that Christopher Columbus first heard of an island to the south, which was said to be abounding in gold, and which the Indian fisherman who accompanied him called "Xaymaca." This name, with a slight modification, the island still retains. History also records that Columbus, wishing on his return to Europe to describe Jamaica, purchased in his hand, crumpled up, and threw it down before Their Majesties of Spain exclaiming that that was what the island he had discovered was like. True it is that all over the four thousand two hundred square miles one never loses sight of hills and mountains.

## Beauty Unsurpassed.

Its beauty is probably unsurpassed in any part of the world. The clearest artists can only faintly portray its loveliness on canvas, and descriptions by the ablest poets and writers are but imperfect. One of Jamaica's own journalists describes a run across the island as follows: "Hills race behind hills, and yet more hills appear their beneath us a precipice yawns. I gasp; but as I gasp, I look out towards the far horizon to the sky-line, where the azure of the heavens blends with the green of the hills. Miles upon miles of glorious country unfolds itself to a magnificent panorama of green, with purple and yellow.

The hillsides are cultivated here and there, and here and there you see horses rolling and galloping in the fields, and solemn cattle browsing in the rich pastures, or standing up to their knees in luscious-covered ponds. A country gentleman's house, red-roofed, nestles in the midst of flowering shrubs, some a deep scarlet, and near it I see orange trees laden with fruit that looks like bright lumps of gold to shame the day."

"Paradise grows upon most of the huge trees I see, sending down long tendrils to the ground. Great fig cotton trees, covered with these growths, have been killed in this way, and now they stand there withered, dead, yet imposing and significant even in their decay. "We rush on; now between high banks of white and yellow limestone, now between broad seas of wide-fenced banana lands, North and south, east and west, you see nothing but bananas now. What the royal palms are in the West of Cuba, the bananas are in this part of Jamaica. "The whole landscape is a mass of dark moulding green. The broad leaves of the plants shine in the sunshine of the hills, and of the plains wherever one's eyes are turned. It is striking; this country is picturesquely clothed. I look and look—green, green, and yet more green. I turn my eyes away. I look again; is that—yes, surely that is the sea—the broad, blue, sparkling sea that bursts upon our sight!"

## Along a Reef-bound Shore.

"It is just beneath me! We are running along the edge of the reef-bound elevated shore. The sands are milky white; pearl green and pink is the colour of the water we look down upon; blue and blue and foam-crested the waves that roll and toss out yonder."

"We started from the south; we have come to the northern shore of Jamaica. We have journeyed from sea to sea. "Indeed, a lovely tropic isle, and contented, law-abiding, persevering, and truly interesting people. Even the like-minded negro women, when they walk their 'go-miles' journey to market, carrying produce on their heads, seen in such delightful surroundings, to take a certain sedate enjoyment of their tasks, freer, perhaps, from the undesirable grace of movement, these bare-footed women step along with a brisk gait, and never seem to tire. On market day it is picturesque to see hundreds of them coming into Kingston, carrying upon the landlaiden head burdens of lemon oranges, green bananas just beginning to turn a sun color, red-checked accents, bearing the fulness of fruit, yams, fresh fruit, and various vegetables.

The original inhabitants; that is, the Arawak

Indians, are quite extinct on the island, and it is now more than three hundred years ago that negroes were introduced by the Spaniards as slaves from Africa. The present population is estimated at something over eight hundred thousand. Apart from East Indian coolies, Chinese, and Europeans, it is largely a mixed one, mostly of African origin, but also springing from the mingling of those of European and African descent.

## THE NAZARENE STILL LIVES

"So the Nazarene is dead," Caiaphas the High Priest said. "His wonder-working deeds are o'er, He will trouble us no more, May blasphemers such as He Perish on the shameful tree, And our holy Temple's law He keep free from every flaw. For the Temple must have away Till Heaven and earth shall pass away." "So the Nazarene is dead," Caiaphas the High Priest said.

"So the Nazarene is dead," In his palace Pilate said. "Good His words and just His life, But the priests, who stirred up strife, Said His followers would be free From imperial Rome set free. Vain their plotting and their care— ALL the yoke of Rome must bear— Rome that will for ever stand Mighty lord of every land." "So the Nazarene is dead," In his palace Pilate said.

The Temple now has passed away, Ended Rome's imperial day, But the Nazarene still lives, Peace to myriad souls He gives, Lives in gentle words and deeds. In all that meets the spirit's needs, And the cross on which He died By His death is sanctified. Hails in many lands acclaim The Crucified One by His name; Priest and Pilate both have said That the Nazarene is dead. False their wisdom—false their lore— He lives now and evermore.

cent, and it embraces various shades, from black to a strain in which colour is almost imperceptible. The character of this mixed population, it may be added, has been much influenced by Spanish, Portuguese, British, French, and German settlers.

There are fifteen or sixteen thousand white



JAMAICAN SALVATIONISTS—TRUSTY AND TRUE

people in the island; a little over one hundred years ago the white inhabitants were twice as many. The freeing of the slave, and the rise of the coloured man has caused them to divide. Those at present there are chiefly engaged in the planting, professional, civil service, and commercial branches; others are mechanics, and some are shop-lands and office-clerks.

It may interest readers to know that many of the best Jamaican families send their children to Canadian Colleges and Universities, and that members of white people, as well as some of the respectable coloured class, coming to Canada, find employment in stores and in domestic service, giving their employers satisfaction equal to that of immigrants from other parts of the Empire and elsewhere.

The Social hierarchy of Jamaica has many grades; so many, in fact, that it is computed that two families may own one to six classes of slaves; this makes social intercourse something of a problem; but, despite all this, white, black, and coloured people live together in harmony, the black and coloured, though under harsher conditions than anywhere else in the world.

## Amicable Relations of Two Races.

The relations existing between coloured and white are largely affected by wealth, position, education, and refinement, and not exclusively or chiefly by colour. As a matter of fact, colour is absolutely no bar to promotion in official life, and a successful coloured man has as good a chance socially in the West Indies as anywhere. Here coloured men sit side by side with their white brethren on the judicial bench. They also hold prominent positions in politics, the Churches, in medicine, and in commercial life.

The Salvation Army makes its boast that "Under our colours all nations agree!" and perhaps no better demonstration of the fact could anywhere be found than in Jamaica, where all shades and many classes harmoniously mingle in our Bands, Songster Brigades, street meetings, marches, and on our platforms, in one united effort for the uplift of their fellows. It is significant, too, that a one-time slave was the pioneer of Salvation Army work in the British West Indies. Mother Foster was her name. She was born a slave in the Fort Royal Mountains, over 90 years ago, and in course of time was taken by her mistress to England. There she remained for about 40 years. She became converted in the Army at South Shields, and after her husband's death returned, in 1883, to Jamaica.

She began to hold open-air meetings in Kingston, and was probably the first woman street preacher there. She was persecuted, but she persevered, and was instrumental in securing some remarkable conversions from amongst the churchless crowds.

## Mother Foster as Pioneer.

Some ministers of the Gospel stood by her, and the Governor of the Colony allowed her to hold meetings on certain conditions. She conducted a small mission in a dilapidated store, and awaited the arrival of Army Officers. When they came she took her little band of followers and followed with them. She was made a Lieut.-Major, and laboured with success in the island for a few years, until her return to England, where she died, triumphant in the faith, in March, 1905.

The Army has now reached almost every part of the island, but in a country with over one hundred thousand peasant proprietors, and many extensive plantations, employing great numbers of labourers, its operations are naturally very largely confined to the peasant proprietor and labouring classes, although in the coastal towns others mingle under our flag. The Salvationist family on the right of our group of Jamaica pictures on page 24, is a type of many others connected with our city Corps, some of whom are the very best examples of Salvation Soldiers it has ever been our privilege to meet. Elementary educational work, and industrial efforts are conducted by the Army in the interests of these classes of the community, and in Kingston, the Island's only city, night classes

[Continued on Page 16.]



# Till Easter Glory Light The Skies

## I.—A CHILD'S REBUKE.

Mamma! Mamma! I was angry, much too angry for a woman who professed to be converted. And, after all, the child she was chastising had not been so awfully naughty; but, painful as it must be for her to have to acknowledge it, mother had been yielding to his of contempt at once, and instead of confessing and forsaking the habit she began to justify herself in it until she realized that it was growing upon her.

Cleopas told the three-year-old baby of the family, to see what all the trouble was about. Her large questioning grey eyes were opened wide as she reached the finding, and, running to the little girl, who was weeping there, she gently smoothed down her hands with her own chubby fingers, exclaiming sympathetically, "Poor Jessie! Naughty mamma! Poor Jessie!" Then tripping out to the room to which her mother had gone, she repeated, with a look of indignation, "Naughty mamma! Poor Jessie, Mamma is naughty!"

Mother said nothing in reply; she felt only too surely the justice of the little child's rebuke. Beth, the baby, was the idol of her heart. Outwardly she showed no special partiality towards her, except that beyond a worded reproof the little one was never punished; in fact, she never needed it—she was a naturally good child. Day by day her mother fastened her eyes on the little darling, whose every movement was grace and beauty.

The child had been delicate, and had thus called for considerable care and nursing, but her mother loved to devote herself to her. It was a joy to serve her. And yet outwardly she never betrayed her passionate love for wee Beth.

## II.—SUDDEN SORROW.

It was New Year's Eve. Beth had been ailing for a few days. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon mother came into the room where the little one lay, and, lifting her from her cot, administered some medicine. Then placing her back again she walked over to the window, and, looking out at the fast-falling snow, murmured, "Why do I feel so depressed? My heart is as heavy as lead." But she abruptly put the feeling from her and strode from the room, back to her sewing.

At 11 p.m. her husband kissed her good-bye as he left for the Watch-night service. "If you want me, Elizabeth," he said, "send for me, won't you?"

"I'll not wait you," she replied with some impatience, "the child is not going to die."

She afterwards retired, and slept until just before the closing moments of the Old Year, when some slight movement from the cot roused her.

Instinctively going to the baby's side, she at once perceived that a great change had taken place. No effort could she now rouse little Beth to consciousness.

Hurriedly she dressed and sped to the Hall, where she sent in a message for her husband—the very thing she had said an hour before she would not do.

A doctor and a dear friend came at call, and together they watched and waited—for what? Mother thought and hoped for a change for the better. At last the gray light of morning dawned, and at about 10 o'clock little Beth opened her eyes and saw that her mother was standing by her side.

"Mamma!" she cried.

"Poor Beth!" said papa. She lifted her eyes to him as he stood at the head of the cot, and cried "Papa!"

A few minutes later her spirit fled!

Her mother was stunned with grief. Never before had death come so near to her, and the visitation seemed awful in the extreme. She was wholly unprepared for it. She felt utterly crushed and broken. It was fortunate for her that she had a Friend, an All-wise Friend, to whom she might flee in that dark and agonizing hour.

## III.—IN THE CRUCIBLE.

Among the thousand and one insistent thoughts which crowded mother's mind as to why this strange experience had been permitted to overtake her was the one anxious, burning

A simple personal narrative written from the full heart of a Canadian mother who, suddenly bereaved of her little three-year-old daughter—the light of her eyes and the joy of her life—found in the sublimely beautiful words of Jesus on the Resurrection of the dead, abiding comfort and relief in deep sorrow. An intimate meditation that will, we hope, bring consolation to other mothers whose hearts may be aching at thought of "angel faces" loved and lost.—Ed.]

## AN EASTER LILY

By Miss Staff-Captain Arnold

Easter lily! Easter lily!  
 Fairest harbinger of Spring,  
 Bursting from your darkened chamber,  
 Sweet the messages you bring,  
 Whispering of the glorious dawning  
 Of that first glad Easter morn.  
 When the tidings, "Christ has risen,"  
 Swift on angels' wings were borne.

Easter lily, full of beauty,  
 Breathing of that life Divine—  
 Precious Lily of the Valley,  
 To this trembling soul of mine.

Resurrection light and glory,  
 Beaming from the Cross afar,  
 Shedding radiance on my journey  
 To the gates that stand ajar.

Lily, with your snowy petals,  
 Teach me purity and faith;  
 None arrayed in spotless garments  
 "Such as these," the Scripture saith.  
 Patient waiting in the darkness,  
 Bowing to the Master's will,  
 This the secret of your glory,  
 His good pleasure to fulfil.

Teach me true and humble service,  
 Lily, with your heart of gold;  
 Lowly would I follow Jesus,  
 That His praises be extolled.  
 Outward show and false pretences,  
 All will crumble and decay;  
 Truth of heart will stand the testing  
 Of that great Eternal Day.

Go to hospital and prison,  
 Easter lily, pure and white;  
 To the most despairing sinner,  
 With your messages of light;  
 To the sick and to the dying,  
 Rich and poor, and great and small,  
 Tell them, With the Easter dawning  
 Cometh peace and hope for all.

Easter lily! Easter lily!  
 Silent messenger of God,  
 Wait your fragrance o'er life's pathway,  
 Scatter sweetness all abroad.  
 Teach the souls of men this lesson:  
 "Blessed are the pure in heart."  
 They shall see the risen Saviour,  
 Nevermore from Him to part.



## IV.—THE HOPE OF EASTER

As the sad, sad days dragged themselves away from that terrible New Year's morning to the blessed Easter tide, mother approached the year with a hopefulness such as she had never before experienced; and the blessed message that Easter brought her was: Jesus—a present Resurrection! Jesus—a present Resurrection!

Then it was that she was enabled to read between the lines of her great sorrow and to see at least one of His Divine purposes in permitting it to befall her. In His unifying love it was revealed to her that she had been becoming harsh and unsympathetic. Her spirit had needed to pass through this trial of suffering in order to make her tender. In humility and gratitude, therefore, she was able to kiss the rod and praise God for His mercy.

Never again will she be quite the same woman, for one cannot come unchained out of God's crucible. How keenly she is now able to feel the sorrows of other people!—S. E. M.

# After the Resurrection

BY GENERAL W. BRAMWELL BOOTH

## I.—THE RETURN.

AFTER the great fact of the Resurrection itself, nothing in the whole history is more appealing to our hearts than Jesus Christ's state of mind towards those who had forsaken and left Him on the eve of His crucifixion and death. It is revealed with wonderful directness in the simple and yet lucid messages He sent to them as the very first result in His reappearance in the hands of men. And we can see also in the reception He gave to some of them as one by one, or in companies of various numbers, they acknowledged Him and reaffirmed their faith in His Person and in His Love. Whether, like Simon Peter and John at the grave, or Cleopas and the other on the way to Emmaus, or Thomas and the rest in the room with the closed doors, they came back quickly, or lingered, as many others must have done, for days, if not weeks, before coming out boldly on His side, He met them with unflinching patience and gave them a confidence that must have seemed overwhelmingly wonderful when they reflected on the want of faith in Him which He had found in them.

There is no doubt, of course, that His return from the dead must have had an enormous influence upon them. The fact that they had been so intimate with Him gave them confidence in their own recognition. Whatever others might say or feel about the possibility of their having made a mistake in identifying the Saviour as the same Being they had known before the tragedy of Calvary, they could have no doubts themselves, or if they began by doubting their doubts soon passed away.

Various circumstances would of course strengthen their faith; among them the extraordinary manner of His appearing and reappearing in their midst—the remarkable fulfilment of His words which they saw at Pentecost—and perhaps even more than has been realized by us, the empty Tomb. Peter, in his address on the day of Pentecost, referred to David's Tomb as still there, and to death as still holding David in its grip. Why did not—why could not the opponents of the Resurrection say to Jesus Christ's Tomb? It was there, in a public situation, well known and easily accessible. There can only be one reason for their silence in the face of Peter's challenge. They knew that Tomb was empty. And more, no one dare so much as say that it was empty because the Body had been stolen. There, within a few weeks of the death, on the very spot where it had all happened, before the eyes of thousands of men who knew the whole story, that myth was already exploded.

But powerful as all this must have been, it was really the returned disciples' own conscious personal knowledge of their risen Master and the joy that His presence gave them which slew their doubts and charmed away their fears. Poor Cleopas, who had fled from the Cross, leaving his own wife there all alone in her faithfulness to her dying Saviour, said after the journey to Emmaus, "Oh, did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us," and Thomas, even doubting Thomas, fell down at last at His feet, crying, "My Lord and My God!"

## II.—THE LOOK BACK.

But if the personal experience of those who quickly returned to their allegiance to Jesus Christ as soon as they were convinced of His Resurrection from the Dead are interesting to us, what about the number who never came back? There can be little doubt that many who had followed with Him and had hoped great things of Him for Israel's sake, and had even made pledges to Him of love and service, drew back in the hour of His trial. They had, I believe, been, just as many people like them are to-day, quite sincere in what they said of their faith and devotion, but they gave up in the presence of that terrible Cross. Many of them must have had precious hours of loving association with Jesus, great joy in His mighty works, and the deep fountains of love for all that is good and noble must have been touched in them. But the Cross, with its shame and mud and separation and death—that was too much, and so no doubt accompanied by many sad and painful thoughts, "they forsook Him and fled."

How would they feel when they heard the widely-circulating rumour that He had risen from the dead as He had said? Back again in the life of Jerusalem and Judea, wondering already however they had come to be influenced by that strange and beautiful Being who was now degraded before the whole nation, many of them must have heard the sensational story with a strange trembling!

Others, no doubt, were called by the startling truth to remember that He, this wonderful Being of heart and fire, had loved them. Perhaps then they felt how little this world is, how vain its pleasures, how cheap its toys, how empty its sweetest notes, how weak its chief deeds, how poor its greatest riches beside that love. Did the fact stand out for some of them—that one evening hour by the quiet waters of Galilee, with Him, was worth more than all that earthly pleasure or worldly power could give? Did they long for the peace His presence gave, the tranquil and enduring joys, the inward and abiding rest which only a Saviour's love can bring?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.]



# 'BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN'

DEDICATED TO ALL WHO HAVE WORN THE CAP OR BONNET

**I**N all the world there is only one Home where the door swings wide open simply because the stranger says, "I am a sinner; I have no money; I have no friends; I am in despair." That Home is The Salvation Army. Up and down the countries we have travelled have we met any kind and quick to help without question or price as The Army? Do you remember the welcome it gave us when we landed at its door—no, we did not tap. Do not let us forget that. We were not concerned about anything except getting the most we could out of life, but The Army thought we ought to have the Best. It sought us, taught us, lifted our dusty, dirty, gutter-bounded thoughts up to another World: showed us brightness, peace, and a magnificent existence; proved there was a Living God and Savior to save us; held a Light that revealed our sinfulness; led us to the Cross; rejoiced over us as if we were princes and princesses, and had done some great thing; took us into the beautiful Army Family Circle; gave us friendship, care and put us on our feet morally and financially. Oh, the friendly Salvation Army! We might have been its long-lost

one of our very best, and it is to be hoped the wretch will not do anything or say anything to shame us? The Army, instead, shook hands with us, patted us on the back, had a little praise for our noble appearance, and never hinted or thought that we were not its equals and, perhaps better in the sight of God. Humble, trusting, brotherly Army!

We progressed and improved under The Army's teaching. Didn't we? Were not our brains developed, talents discovered in us we did not dream we owned, the experience and skill of hundreds of other lives and souls given to us freely, and many things instilled that made us reliant, responsible, alert persons of some value to ourselves and the world? The Army's reputation for all that is good became ours. Didn't it? People trusted and believed in us because we belonged to The Salvation Army. Didn't they?

Those were very good days, prosperous and contented, full of singing and God's Presence. The men and women we sought to bring to Christ—where are they now? Some of them are anxious to do for us as we did for them. We

were in fault. They always are. We were (and are) almost perfect, aren't we? Aren't we? We have a right to expect (and get) perfection in others, haven't we? We did not go back on God and The Army. God and The Army that had done so much for us, borne so much from us, went back on us. Didn't they? If we can say "yes" truthfully to that question we can also add that we are the only individuals who have received had made in return for good service to our Almaker and to the Organization called The Salvation Army. . . . The world seemed cold after we returned to it. The warmth of The Army beside we have often regretted. In The Army there were work and interests that kept us brisk, energetic, and young. We are now somewhat staid and elderly, aren't we? Our looks and capabilities are a trifle tarnished, and our spiritual senses dulled and canted over with worldliness and selfish habits. The most favourable estimate would not say we were worth a second deal. We have gone down hill in all points since we left The Army. Haven't we?

These are sad reflections. There are sadder. There is a day coming when we shall be worth

children by the way it guided and helped, advised and protected, during those first months of our conversion, mightn't we?

Had any, save God and our mother, had such patience with us as The Army? How long was it before we took to criticizing it and dragging up every old lie and libel we could find for it to explain and deny? Did it get angry or refuse to say anything, or declare we were wasting its time in pettinesses that had been answered thousands of times? We know it did not. When we went yearning after old sins and old grievances, who came and knelt beside us and forgot the silly battle with us (for silly it is to think God's service harder and less merry than the Devil's)? The Army. When we backslid and would not try to get out of the mud, who brought us to reason, washed away the stains, started us afresh at the Cross, and behaved as if we were precious jewels and it was our keeper and God's steward? Wasn't it The Army?

After we began to learn for ourselves at the Feet of Jesus how to be His Soldiers, who had faith and trust enough in us to give us important work or posts in the Corps? The Army. Did The Army object to such a lot as we were calling ourselves by its honored name and linking ourselves on to the holy, unselfish, true, clever people, who have made the same glorious all round the globe? No. When we got into uniform did The Army show timidity and think: "Here is this good-for-nothing wearing clothes like us, and nobody can tell he or she is

do not allow them, however. Do we? Have we been so happy as we were in The Army? Are we as serene in our souls when we think of God, Heaven, Death, Hell, as we were then? Are our lives as peaceful? Our hearts and lives as clean? Are we of as much use to others? Do our neighbours think of God and their souls when they see us now, and wish they were marching with us? Do we sometimes look back wistfully, sadly, thinking, "I was on the right road then; God was with me then"? Do our poor souls plead, "This is not like The Army's religion. I do not grow in grace as I did. I am striving towards God—Oh, let me go in The Army's way to the Cross where I first saw the Light"? Do our souls say that?

What are we doing here—where we are? Have the husband, wife, sweetheart, home, business, promotion, pride, pleasure, comfort, clothing, ambition, been worth what we paid for them? For what have we sold The Army? Where is the Cap, the Bonnet? Where is the dear, blessed Uniform that cried aloud from us to every passer-by: "Here is a soldier of Christ! Speak to him or her of your need and sorrow; the Army will help, and you will find peace in God"? Do our clothes say that now? What sort of faces have we grown since we left The Army? If we die suddenly will our record (and it is the record that matters the moment this life ends) look as it would have done if we had died in The Army?

Our manner of leaving The Army was not of much credit to us, was it? Of course, others

nothing; when a living dog will be of more use than our corpses awaiting burial. All our interests then will be in the next world and God. What is the use of the remainder of our earthly lives? Are they of any value to anybody or anything?

Yes, God and The Army still think them worth continual love, patience, and effort. Jesus Christ knows no age limit in the creases for whose Salvation He suffered, was crucified, and ever lives. The Army never shuts its door. The firelight, the warm welcome, the honest, hearty comrades are all within—waiting and ready for us. We are growing old and old-fashioned to the world. The Army says: "God bless you! We are all His children (even the man-servant), and though you have lost your first place and somebody else has filled it and done your work here is another for you. It is sorrowful you have missed so much, but do all you can for God now." We must confess our wrongdoing. Take back as far as we can go all we have spoken or caused, and then—Down at the Cross where we first saw the Light, Salvation and peace will come to us again. If we are young, there is less reason to hesitate. Before we make entire wrecks of our lives, let us hurry to the nearest Corps, make full confession and restitution, and begin again, doing the lowliest tasks for the love of Jesus. The world needs us to be saved. God needs our consecrated lives, and The Army will give us opportunities to labour for others.

Who am I? Never you mind! "I'm back to The Army again." Are you?



# THE MAN FOR CANADA

## I.—A MAN OF BRAIN.



THE MAN FOR CANADA will be a Man of Brain. He must have a vivid perception of the moral and spiritual needs of the people. If he fails to realize these needs, how can he hope successfully to minister to them?

He must be a far-seeing man who is able to look ahead, so that he may read the signs of the times, and to look behind so that he may trace the lesson of The Army's past—the significance of its fighting, its experiments, its victories, its defeats, and the persecutions it has endured.

He must be a man who does not put his thinking out to be done by others. And he must try to think straight—to realize that only certain consequences can flow from certain acts, no matter how he wishes a might be otherwise. He must be willing to learn. There is a great difference between supposing one is willing to be taught and the actual willingness. The whole world is at the feet of the man who is always learning as he goes.

He must have the education which practical common-sense imparts. He may be inexperienced, but if he is thoroughly alert, first-hand experience and the hard facts of life and Salvation Army warfare will instruct him. Canada puts great faith in education. He himself, while placing greater importance on other essentials, must not overlook education.

He must be able to adapt himself and his methods to the immediate needs of the people and the conditions in which he is at work. The far-flung Canadian Territory embraces widely differing regions, calling for widely different treatment. The Yukon and Bermuda, British Columbia and Newfoundland, The Eastern, the Central, and the Prairie Provinces. How could one strictly apply the same methods in the same way to each and all?

And some of these Provinces are new. In their youth what an open-door they present to The Army Officer who is able and willing to adapt himself to their new and growing needs! The Man of Brain will take hold of the means already provided by the Organization; he will apply them, using them to the fullest extent, without thinking of impossibilities. He will not, like the Indian railway servant who wired to his superiors: "Tiger eating station master—send instructions!" sit down and wait.

[The Salvation Army in the Canadian Territory is on the lookout for a Man. (In this article we use the word "Man" in the general sense of "Officer". And most of what we submit as essential to the character of the Man applies with equal force to that of the Woman for Canada. The exceptions will be self-evident.)

He must conform to a certain type. Not anyone will do. The Army already has some that exactly answer to this required type. She needs many more.

What are the characteristics that must mark out this man from the multitude? We name some of them below. It will at once be seen that they are qualities which have in days gone by made Army Officers loved and honoured in all parts of the Territory.—Ed.]

## II.—A MAN OF HEART.

The Man for Canada will be a Man of Heart. He will so deeply and so sincerely feel the sins and sorrows of the people as to carry them upon his own heart.

Wherever he sees or knows of human suffering or sorrow, no matter what the cause, his compassion will be stirred, and what his brain, his intelligence, may not enable him to do by way of relief, his tender sympathies, his big heart, will help him to accomplish.

He will visit the people in their own homes, in the workshops, in the fields, in the hospitals, in the prisons, so that he may learn first hand what are their trials and temptations, their joys and sorrows, their pleasures and disappointments.

Sincerity will therefore be the magic key with which he will open even the most tightly-closed door.

He will love the lost and fallen, the friendless and degraded, with a love like that of His Saviour, Christ.

He will hold the women of The Army in the highest esteem, and will unflinchingly and ungrudgingly give them the position that is their due.

He will love little children and young people, and always exert himself to the utmost to further their interests.

## III.—A MAN OF GOD.

The Man for Canada will be a Man of God. He will be a man of Prayer and Faith, of Holy Living and Tireless Energy.

He will realize that excellent are all our local officers, our Bands, and our Singing Triangles, unless they are men and women of God who had their all, better he without them.

That is, if God is our God and our King, and our Lord, and our Father, and our God, they would only advertise weakness if they were not utilized by the spirit of true religion—the Spirit of God.

Their perfect though our Organization may be, it will be dead and worse than useless unless the living Almighty God be in it all.

That nothing can ever make up, either in the man's own heart and life or in his Corps, for the absence of the Fire of the Holy Ghost.

He will therefore work with God, in earnest harmony, with the Divine plan and purpose.

He will have a sensitive conscience, and will be most afraid of grieving the Spirit of God by hiding in ready obedience, by active disobedience, or by some hidden sin.

He will live up to the highest level of his consecration, and despite the pleasures, the follies, and the most alluring rewards that this world can offer.

He will live for the essential things, and will endure, "as seeing Him Who is invisible." In this he will be a man of courage—the courage which will risk all that he has or ever hopes to have—the courage that will be willing to be counted a fool for His sake.

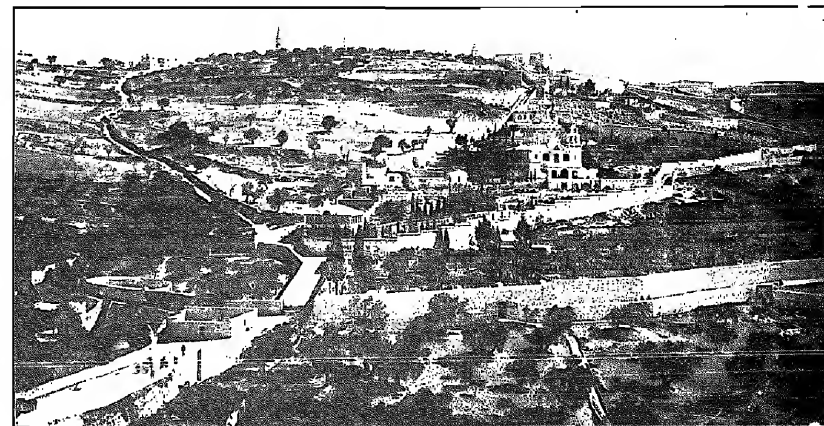
The standard is too high, do you say? Never! We might make it higher, and still it would be within reach of the humble, simple, earnest man whose heart God has touched with Divine compassion.

Say not, "It is impossible!" but rather, with faith in God, declare, "The thing impossible shall be—All things are possible to me!"

## OUR CALVARIES.

OUR crosses are hewn from different trees. But we all must have our Calvaries. We may climb the height from a different side.

But we each go up to be crucified: As we scale the steep, another may share The dreadful load that our shoulders bear, But the costliest sorrow is all our own—For on the summit we bleed alone.



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AS SEEN FROM JERUSALEM. Photo, American Colony, Jerusalem. "If the gates of Palestine have closed with the flight of Jesus, in emergency, and hills have not, and the Mount of Olives is physically the same as when Christ gazed upon it." (See Page 55.)



## After the Resurrection.

By THE GENERAL.

[Continued from Page 11.]

Did His words come back to them—spoken as He stood there by the Jordan, or in the sunset hour on Mount Olivet, saying, "Take up thy cross and follow Me": "Behold, I am come to seek and to save." Let not your heart be troubled—believe in Me—believe in Me—believe in Me!" I think it must have been so. Oh, why then had they let it go? Why had they left Him? Why had the fear of man—the dark hour of trial—seemed so strong? Why had they bartered a harklight to the love of God and man in one, for this wretched postage of empty show and vain ambition and selfish joy? Why, Oh, why?

But few of them came back. Looking back is so awful just because it makes it so hard to go forward any more.

## III.—THE QUESTION.

To which class then, my friend, whose eyes rest upon this page, do you belong? What are your relations with this wonderful Being? Has His Resurrection brought you nearer to Him, or are you among those who have turned away, either in part or altogether, from Him who loved you and gave Himself for you, to the vain and fading tinsel of this world's good? Ah, believe me, that while lost health and lost wealth and lost friends and lost honour are great losses indeed, no loss is so great, so lasting, so bitter as lost love. In the days to come this will be the darkest of all the shadows that can fall upon your life and soul—that you have turned away from and lost the Love of the great Lover.

Oh, will you not return and say to Him whose heart still seeks your love:

"None other Lamb, none other Name,  
None other hope in Heaven or earth or sea,  
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,  
None beside Thee.

"Lord, Thine art Life, though I be dead,  
Thine art Fire Thou art however cold I be;  
Nor Heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,  
Nor home, but Thee."

Come back then while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can return.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

## Jamaica, Lovely Tropic Isle

By THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

[Continued from Page 9.]

For young men and women of slender means are held by the Officers of Headquarters Staff, Reading, writing, arithmetic, languages, stenography, and elementary music are among the subjects taught.

Social relief and Rescue Work is carried on amongst men and women, and the prisons, too, are visited by regularly-appointed Officers.

The Army's spiritual operations are represented by a fine Training College and 56 centres of evangelistic work in the island. A special feature of this work is the open-air gatherings. The West Indian negro loves street oratory of the religious kind, and is very fond indeed of hymn singing. The climate is conducive to outdoor meetings. The Army Officer is, therefore, never without a crowd of earnest listeners and lusty singers at an open-air service. He also secures results, for during the past year over 40 persons, some of them very desperate characters, have knelt and sought salvation in the open-air meetings conducted in connection with the Kingston Central Corps. Over 300 penitents, it may be added, were registered at the inside meetings held by the same Corps.

The fine group of Officers in my picture, is evidence that intelligent Jamaicans are being raised by The Salvation Army, and successfully trained to various of their own race, in their own island, and—who knows?—perhaps also to become missionaries, as in the case of some already, to that great continent of Africa, whose perishing millions in heathen darkness are calling to them, "Come over and help us!"

## The Army Spirit.

By THE COMMISSIONER.

[Continued from Page 3.]

in the interests of the people. They worked hard while the seance lasted, and came through unhurt.

When it was all over, I may add, the Mayor convened a public meeting in acknowledgment of their self-sacrificing service. At this meeting a large amount of money was raised to aid The Army. And this money formed the nucleus of a building fund in the interests of the Social Work for men and women in this town.

It is the spirit of Divine Compassion. In connection with one of our Annual Swedish Congresses, held in Stockholm, one of the Swedish Corps was to be closed. It had for a long time been an apparently fruitless field.

During this Congress, however, two young women Officers came to me, saying that this Corps had been laid on their hearts: they would like to have an opportunity of going there. I could scarcely refuse them; indeed, I was glad.

They went, and had a wonderful time. About nine months after, when I visited the town to see things for myself, I shook hands with seventy-four Soldiers, all wearing uniform; and in the next Training Session to assemble we had ten Cadets from this little Corps that had been almost closed.

I asked the Captain how the change had come about. She was very unassuming, but I gradually got the story.

On their taking charge there were six names on the Soldiers' Roll, and the morning after their arrival they took the Roll to their bedroom and laid it open on the bed. Then, kneeling down together, they placed their fingers on these half dozen names and prayed for the Soldiers one by one.

Next they went out to visit everybody, calling again and again at a public-house, from which they afterwards got one of their converts. I went to this man's house to tea, and asked him how he was captured. He said, pointing to the Captain: "She would come into the tap-room, and somehow it didn't matter how many we were made us feel she loved us and lived for us."

Turning to the wife, I asked for some further explanation. How had she been won? She said: "Little baby was very sick. I had nursed and nursed, and was almost worn out, and then the Captain found us. She told me I must go to bed and she would watch. I would not let her. I was a drunkard's wife, and had nothing else in the home. But she insisted. And she nursed the baby night after night till she was better."

And yet things in the Corps, with this one exception, remained much the same. Then, in the Watch-night service, when the Officers had been there nearly six months, another drunkard was converted, and the people were startled. They began to realize what was taking place in their midst, and from that hour the awakening spread.

It was the deep compassion of those frail women Officers that had most to do in bringing it about. They possessed The Army Spirit.

Have you got it?

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Do you like this Easter Number of "The War Cry"? If so, please pass it on, when you have read it, to a friend who would not otherwise be likely to see a copy.

And from thenceforth Plute sought to release him; but the Jews cried out saying, "If he let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar."

When Plute therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and set him down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha.

And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King!

But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him!

Plute saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away.

And he bearing his cross went forth.

[John xviii.: 28-40; xix.: 1-17.]

## Behold the Man!

CHRIST AT PILATE'S JUDGMENT HALL.

[See Front Page Illustration.]

Then led they Jesus from Calphas into the hall of judgment; and it was early, and they themselves went into the judgment hall but they should be defiled; but that they might eat the passover.

Pilate then went out unto them, and said, What accusation bring ye against this man?

They answered and said unto him, If he were not a malefactor we would not have delivered him up unto thee.

Then said Pilate unto them: Take ye him, and judge him according to your law. The Jews therefore said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death: that the saying of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, saying, nify what death he should die.

Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto him, Art thou the King of the Jews?

Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?

Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? This was a nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me, what hast thou done?

Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence.

Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then?

Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.

Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all.

But ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passion: will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber.

I went to this man's house to tea, and asked him how he was captured. He said, pointing to the Captain: "She would come into the tap-room, and somehow it didn't matter how many we were made us feel she loved us and lived for us."

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When Plute therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and set him down in the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer.

Then saith Pilate unto him, Spakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?

Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.

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## Through Our Korean Training College

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN WILFRED TWILLEY

WE have recently closed our Third Training Session in Korea and sent out into the country another contingent of men to carry the tidings of Salvation to people, many of whom have never heard the name of Christ.

The system of training carried on in Seoul is somewhat the same as that in other lands, altered only in the conditions of the people and the country more necessitate.

The people of Korea are still very, very far behind Western nations in regard to their standard.

One of the most fascinating of Salvation battlefields, Korea is at the same time, in many senses, one of the most difficult.

The Koreans are powerfully attracted by the red and white uniforms of The Army. They are also impressed by its simple teaching and the happy order of its services. But the Officers have an uphill fight against many forms of age-long prejudice and the nation's uneducated conscience.

Colonel Hogard, with Mrs. Hogard, is the Territorial Leader for Korea.—Ed.]

Life in our Training College is simple. It can almost be said that the Cadet rises with the sun, through frequent meetings, of course, prevent him retiring when it sets. His diet is of rice and sampehoe (pickled vegetables) taken three times daily. The room is void of furniture. The floor is covered with oil-paper, and underneath the floor from the kitchen fire, thus heating the room and keeping it at a fairly even temperature even in the coldest weather. At night he places his rug on the hottest part of the floor he can find, lays his head upon a block of

But we believe. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death. Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home In that despaired Nazareth:

But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains. Thine Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high Amid that wild and savage crew. Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry: "Forgive, they know not what they do!"

Yet we believe the deed was done Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb. Where late Thy sacred body lay. Nor sat within that upper room. Nor met Thee in the open way:

But we believe that angel said: "Why seek the living with the dead?"

We did not mark the chosen few. When Thou didst through the clouds ascend.

First lift to Heaven their wondering view. Then to the earth all prostrate bend: Yet we believe that mortal eyes Beheld that journey to the skies.

—J. H. Garney.

of acquired knowledge, and Solomon's words, "Of the making of man, looks there is no end," can be said to apply to this land.

In fact, the few books obtainable up to recent years were all printed in the Chinese characters, which only the educated people who were well up in Chinese classics could read. Thus the chief door to information was closed against the common people.

Some four hundred and fifty years ago a statesman by the name of Sung Sam Moon sought from the reigning sovereign, King Tan Jong, permission to form a simple alphabet. This was given, and the present written character, which is known as "Eun-Moon," consisting of twenty-eight simple signs or letters, was invented. It became known, however, as the women's language, and was thus regarded as beneath the notice of men.

It was, therefore, of little service, and such books as those containing fairy tales and simple stories were printed in it, until the advent of missionaries, who recognized in its simplicity an effective medium of spreading the Gospel.

Thus tracts, Gospels, and Testaments were printed, and now the whole Bible is to be obtained in these characters. Nevertheless, difficulty still exists, as previously mentioned, in the matter of the information of him who is unfamiliar with Chinese must necessarily be very limited.

This being so, the average Korean is considerably behind even the Western schoolboy in the matter of general knowledge.

It has to be remembered that their knowledge of religion is generally exceedingly limited. We never have what is known as a "born Christian," nor men who have had the privilege of a religious training; but often those who have been purely heathen, and whose early teaching has been that of the worship of ancestors or evil spirits. It is therefore not to be wondered that often the stage they have reached is but a mere clasp of belief. It is thus necessary for us to teach them the first principles of religion and to awaken in them a conscience.

In the lesson-room our Cadet sits upon a mat on the floor with a table twelve or fourteen inches high in front of him. He takes notes from the blackboard on such lessons as the Old and New Testaments, the doctrines and regulations of The Army, the Directory No. II, Salvation Army history, and a variety of other subjects. After some time it can be said that he manifests an eagerness to learn. At the close of the Session he carries away a small library in his own hand-writing, which, by the way, is done by means of brush and not by pen or pencil.

The Cadets are drawn from various stations in life, the contingent, including several farmers and farm laborers, some merchants and a village school teacher, a "yak changha" (a village doctor or drug-seller, who, by the way, was at a loss to know how to treat himself when gathering broke out on his arm).

He manifested considerable interest in the virtues of hot water and a broad posture, as applied to the spot.

A feature of life in Korea is the reverence that is given to old age. The son bows low in respect before his father, addressing him only in the most respectful language; generally, too, age is revered. Even this, however, presents a difficulty for the Officer, especially the first starting his work. He

[Continued on Page 21.]



CADETS RECENTLY COMMISSIONED AT SEOUL. STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. TWILLEY IN CENTRE.

## SWEDISH VICAR WHO BECAME ARMY OFFICER

Major Maardberg Entered The Army after Twenty Years' Ministry in the State Church of Sweden.

RECENT issue of The Army's Swedish publications announce the sudden death in Stockholm, of Major Wilhelm Maardberg, a warrior who became an Army Officer after having been for twenty years a vicar in the State Church of Sweden.

Very tall, slender, and, despite his nearly eighty years and his white hair, carrying himself as straight as a dart and with the spring and elasticity of youth, he was a striking figure in Army uniform. But one had to hear his stirring, ringing voice and feel the spell of his salvation fire and determined energy to understand the kind of man he was.

It needed some courage for him to leave his assured and comfortable living in the State Church and at the age of sixty commence life as a Salvation Army Officer, and that with a delicate wife and children. His spirit was all the more remarkable in that he found great difficulty in persuading the Army leaders to accept him. He was indeed rejected, but he would not take no as an answer. He was willing, even at that age, to enter training as a Cadet—although under the special circumstances this was not required of him—and go through

all the grades of Officership. How could such a man fail? How the good but very sedate church people tolerated him so long is a mystery, for he was a voracious firebrand in the pulpit.



THE LATE MAJOR MAARDBERG.

He had for years been a lover of The Army, and had suffered considerable persecution on that account. Some of his best friends left him rather than put up with his Salvationist tendencies. But he persisted. The Army was not quite sure of their decision. The concluding interview with Commissioner Ridsdel took place one night, or rather at one o'clock in the morning, in Gefle, the town in which he had his church and parish. He then gained some ground with the Commissioner, and left the Citadel that early morning in the seventh Heaven of hope and delight.

A few days later he received a telegram from the Commissioner intimating that, after praying about his application, he had accepted him as an Officer. With the message in his hand, Maardberg went to The Army Almanac and read the text for that day. "And there was no day like that, before it or after it." The next Sunday he preached his farewell sermon in the Church; the following Sunday he was in full harness as an Army Captain.

As a Spiritual Speech the Major has done a great work in his native country, and Commissioner Ogden uttered a touching eulogy on his open grave in Stockholm.

I. Pray that the true and inner meaning of Easter may be made clear by means of the teaching and preaching in Easter services every where.

II. Pray that the story of our Lord's Resurrection may be the means of Life to those who hear it "who are dead in trespasses and sins."

### HOME READINGS.

Monday—Genesis iii: 1-12. Man's First Sin.  
Tuesday—Job, xiv: 1-12. Man's Pravity.  
Wednesday—Psalm xc. Man's Transitoriness.  
Thursday—Romans iii: 9-20. All Men Sinners.  
Friday—Romans vii: 14-25. Spiritual Conflict.  
Saturday—Romans viii: 1-11. Carnal and Spiritual Mind.  
Sunday—Romans vi: 12-21. Sin and Grace.

### HEART-TO-HEART TALKS.

[By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.]

Jesus lives, to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

### Easter Prayer.

Almighty God Who Through Thine Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech Thee that, as by Thy Grace thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same into effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end, Amen.

O risen Christ! O Easter Flower!  
How dear Thy grace has grown;  
From East and West, with loving power,  
Make all the world Thine Own.

Sincerely have the glad bells of Christmas died away before we are called upon to prepare for Easterfest. How closely are these two events, of transient and of permanent importance in the world's history, related to each other! Bethlehem, the expression of the Father's love; Beth-same, Calvary, and Joseph's Garden, the culmination of that great sacrifice and atonement. The Bethlehem Babe the symbol of human helplessness; the Risen Lord the King triumphant over the last enemy—death!

## The Praying League

One's pen trembles in contemplation of Calvary's midnight darkness. And as one hroods over the memory of the unspeakable mysterious anguish of that Divine and Human Face, The multitude watched to see if Elms would come. But no. Elms who was the world's Saviour, must drink the bitter, bitter cup to the last drop, no matter how painfully human flesh might quiver, human nerves shrink from the distress, and human sinews strain under the burden.

"Sublimely beautiful He stood—the Risen from the dead. The same grain of countenance that had made a glory of the Cross of Death, now, with a smile of victory, gave poor humanity the Gift of Everlasting Life." That is the meaning of the glorious daybreak of Easter. Because I live shall ye live also. It is the precious foundation of all our hopes. Because He was triumphant so shall we conquer. Because death



MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON.

had not power over Christ, it has no power over His followers. Glorious Resurrection! Blessed Hope.

Loyal Tidings! Yes, the Lord has risen to-day! "Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?" The sting of death is . . . But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, let ye stand fast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

[We are pleased to present a recent portrait of our esteemed comrade and contributor, Mrs. Blanche Johnston, with this week's installment of "Praying League Notes." For our own sake and on behalf of our readers, we acknowledge our indebtedness to her for her hearty co-operation.—Ed.]

### EASTER SCENES IN PALESTINE.

[Continued from Page 5.]

this site has been the goal of pilgrims ever since the Middle Ages.

In this church elaborate and gorgeous ceremonies take place at Easter-time. On the Thursday before Good Friday there is the Greek ceremony of the washing of the feet. This takes place in the courtyard of the church, and during its process every available space is occupied. It is a short and stirring ceremony, in which the Greek patriarch simply bathes the feet of twelve of his priests.

Good Friday witnesses the Latin ceremony of the crucifixion, and on Saturday afternoon there is the ceremony of the Holy Fire, when pilgrims light candles from a flame that bursts forth from the Holy Sepulchre, the reputed tomb of Christ, a most gorgeous edifice with its imposing array of brass lamps, candles, paintings, and altars.

On the outskirts of the City are many famous sepulchres, such as the Tombs of the Kings and the Garden Tomb. Let us look at the former in order that we may see the kind of sepulchre in which Joseph of Arimathea hid the body of Christ. Here, too, we may witness the old Jewish method of closing the mouth of the tomb by a stone. The stone rolls down a groove in front of the tomb and it is not difficult to see that to turn it back requires considerable force.

We make no apology for the quantity of Easter poetry that finds place in this Special Edition of "The War Cry." If Easter is not a time for happy minstrelsy, when, then, shall we sing?

## Warm Thanks From Prison Cells



From a sketch by the writer of this article.

LOOK! Major, there is my dear little friend, the English sparrow!"

Major Fraser was leaning against my cell door in the north wing of the Toronto Central Prison, indulging in reminiscences of Salvation Army work in the dear old home land thirty and thirty-five years ago. The sun was just beginning to slide from the Meridian towards the distant West, its golden rays filtering through the thick glass of the wing windows, and carrying the dark, dismal shadow of cell bars into every crack and crevice of my narrow dwelling place.

But sunlight and shadow were forgotten as the Major talked of days long gone by, of warriors who have grown grey in the fight for human emancipation from the thralldom of sin, or who have fallen in the battle, loyal to God and the colours.

What a marvelous force is memory! Whilst it carries recollections of the bitterest pain, we prize it for the tenderest joy, love, and happiness it also carries of childhood days—days of sunshine and gladness.

### My Little Friend.

Our conversation showed no signs of flagging; we were oblivious to everything around us, when, all at once, I heard the familiar call of a feathered friend who persisted in securing attention. Looking over the Major's shoulder—which, by the way, is not a very difficult physical task—I saw the ubiquitous and persistent terrorer, with outstretched wings, energetically beating the concrete floor of the gallery with its hard beak. It was my little friend, the English sparrow.

Every day at dinner-time this little sparrow had found its way into the building, and, finding that it was by no means an unwelcome guest, it had grown sufficiently bold to come clean up to the cell doors, and beg a share of my noon-day meal. And I never found the meal too scanty to permit of this.

I have always been a friend and defender of the much maligned and bitterly persecuted English sparrow. It could become so strongly attached to a man that it would invade a prison and at cell doors chirp its message of "Cheer-up! cheer-up!" to lonely men, whose very hearts are bleeding with sorrow. In this respect the English sparrow must be considered. The Salvation Army's auxiliary in prison work, and I trust, during bitter days of winter, when food is scarce, that Salvationists will always spare him a few crumbs from their table.

### Tradition About the Sparrow.

"Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His knowledge." The sparrow found sanctuary within the walls of Solomon's Temple (Psalm lxxviii: 23), and to-day, within the area of the Modern Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, may be seen large flocks of them; and no man dare molest the little birds. There is a tradition among the Arabs that the ruins of Palestine were originally a sparrow, whose breast was stained red by the blood of the Christ as it endeavored to extract a thorn from the marble brow and bleeding head of one dying Saviour.

Only a tradition, but a bird that loves the sinner enough to perch upon the hairs of his red embellished Roman soldiers when it had a mission of mercy to perform.

It was more likely a sparrow than a robin that flew in through the open window to escape the raging storm, seeking refuge in a human breast, that prompted Charles Wesley to write, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly."

The line and red uniform of the Major, The Army's indefatigable prison Officer, and the brown and grey uniform of the sparrow are helpful hints within prison walls. Both are English, nay, so there is little

[Continued in last column.]

Is the merciful work of our Prison-Visting Office valued by those most intimately concerned? The article printed on this page supplies the answer of a prisoner himself. He writes from Toronto. Another note of appreciation reaches us from New Westminster Jail, per Adjutant Blackburn. From this we make one or two extracts:

"We appreciate the presence, every Sunday, of The Army Officers who come to minister to our better welfare—to cheer us with their sympathy without regard to the condition of the weather. We believe in their sincerity. We may not be very demonstrative, but our circumstances explain this apparent indifference. The refrain of your songs are heard during the week sometimes with much more gusto than is possible before you on Sunday.

"I suppose you often wonder if any real good is done by your services here. To dispel this doubt let me remind you of Jesus' parable of the lost sheep—of how that even one solitary sheep was deemed valuable enough to be sought for.

"We all wish to render our heartfelt thanks to you men for your untiring work on our behalf. We want the women to know that we realize the sacrifice they undergo to come to us. We want them to know that we have the same kind of love for them that we have for our mothers and sisters. They are beautiful messengers of Good Hope. God bless them!"

We are sorry we cannot find space for the verses which both our correspondents kindly submitted.—Ed.]

### THE FIRST EASTER MORNING.

[By Fred Bateman, Ottawa.]

THE sun arises o'er the eastern hills,  
And all around glad light and warmth diffuses.

The birds awake, with joy their heads upraise,  
And warble forth their morning hymn of praise.  
The flowers quiver, in the fragrant dew,  
Then stretch their beauty for the world to view.  
The frost had nipped, the night was dark and long.

Now nature rises to new life and song,  
A holy calm pervades the "wakened dawn;  
It beautes of Heaven—it is the Sabbath morn.  
The faithful Jew awakes with the sun.  
And worship in the temple is begun.  
The priests, attired in costly robes and rare,  
With upturned hands engage in fervent prayer.  
Hark! they forgotten Him they did deride,  
The Saviour of the world, just crucified?  
Maybe, within their hearts they are ashamed,  
And feel that for Christ's death they must be blamed.

Aston, there enters in the sacred place  
A worshipper with myst'ry in his face;  
And soon strange whisperings echo all around.  
Until all hearts are seized with awe profound.  
The service ended, they the temple leave,  
Glad that their sense of guilt they may relieve.  
The streets are all alive with many a crowd.  
Their conversation is of Him who said:  
That on this day He'd rise up from the dead.  
And He is risen, as He had foretold;  
The tomb, though sealed, His body could not hold.

"He is risen!" each glad Disciple cries:  
"He is risen!" re-echoes through the skies.  
"He is risen!" the joyful voices send round,  
Till the whole world has taken up the sound.  
"He is risen!" let the glorious song  
A-loud the coming ages roll along.  
Till all men shall hold the mighty theme:  
"You is a passing fancy, not a dream,  
But as a truth, till themselves shall rise,  
Like Him, from earth to everlasting skies."



For His eye is on the sparrow, now, And know He watches too.

wonder that they came together. The English can be as cheerful as the Scots. Both are immigrants, and both are alike in this particular: when they meet in the Devil can never drive them out. Both have the same message, "Cheer-up!" They both get close to the visitor, and both are God's messengers to men who need a message of love and hope. And these, supplemented by the kindness of a large-hearted Warden like Dr. Gilmore, go far to rob a prison of its horrors.

Blessed thought! The God Who cares for the sparrow cares for me and for all mankind. To the lonely and discouraged Elijah in the cave by the brook Cherith God sent His ravens. Over the sacred head of His Son as He leaves the waters of the Jordan after His baptism by the rugged preacher of the wilderness, hovered the Spirit of God in the form of a dove. He made the lions share their den with Daniel, and sent a hair of the prophet's beard as a reward. God tempests the wind in the storm lamb. On the barren hills of Judea, with darkness for a covering and a stone heap for a pillow, Jehovah opened the doors of Heaven and permitted Jacob to see the shining way resplendent with Angels. To-day He sends Army Officers and sparrows to cheer the loneliness of a prison cell.

### OUR KOREAN TRAINING COLLEGE.

[Continued from Page 17.]

is peculiarly nervous of age and experienced men whom he is called upon, as God's ambassador, to teach. Should the village headman enter a meeting, for instance, or the recognized scholar of the small community come in, all will instinctively show their respect by a polite bow; the fact that he carries his pipe, which may be a yard or more in length, is not so much as noticed.

In the early days even in Western countries the youthfulness of Salvation Army Officers sometimes proved a disadvantage to them. Here it is more so by far, especially if they are unfortunate to be unmarried, which fact entirely roils them in the eyes of the people of the prestige of manhood and renders them liable to be talked to in the lowest form of their language, such as is considered suitable for use in addressing children and coolies.

In Canada's readers could only see Korea, with its tiny villages, many without any approach to a school; if they had practical experience of its sparse population, its difficulties of travel, our work would be better understood. A visitor who had seen only Seoul said to me recently, "Korea stands to-day where England stood three hundred years ago." What would he say after a trip through the interior?

### A PAGE OF ARMY STORIES.

[Continued from Page 6.]

kneeling and earnestly praying for light to dawn on his poor benighted soul. A confession was made; wife and children had been left over the line, in a large degree, as himself at one time had held a responsible position. The old story of how drink had mastered him was told. That night Jim rose from his knees with new desires. On the following day declared that any kind of work secured for him he would gladly do, and endeavor to rectify his steps and be reunited to those at home again. His first work was selling notices supplied him by the Officer of the Corps, and as he returned for his fresh supply, bringing the full amount of his sales each time, his joy knew no bounds. He had quit the drink, he was earning for himself, and he was starting at the first round of the ladder, and slowly but surely ascending. Each night at the meeting, he would tell of the day's victories.

He soon got in touch with his loved ones again, and then he became a Soldier of the Corps and secured a position of trust with great responsibility in the city. Once did the old craving come back, and Jim had almost fallen again, but with great determination he was determined to overcome his old enemy. He was resolved to take a tighter grip-hold of the hand of Him who "has in all points been tempted like as we."



# A GALLERY OF WOMEN OFFICERS

(See Page 12)

## MRS. COMMISSIONER REES

Owing to indifferent health, Mrs. Rees is now, much to her regret, unable to take but very little part in public meetings. For the same reason it is not possible for her to undertake long journeys. The Canadian Field has, therefore, unfortunately, had no too little opportunity of becoming acquainted with her Salvationism and learning her sterling worth.

For many years, indeed, she has had to struggle against the limitations imposed by physical weakness. Energetic in spirit, she has longed to do much in public; but her activities have been narrowed down principally to the family circle. Her influence there, however, has been broad and deep, and what the Field has lost her children have gained. We believe they are alive to the fact, as is shown by their filial devotion.

Had Mrs. Rees been of an exuberant nature she might have elated in her circumstances; but the grace of God and her practical, matter-of-fact way of looking at things have enabled her to make the best of the smaller opportunities at hand, rather than vainly to sigh for what could not be. By looking up the Commissioner's arms by prayer and faith, by releasing him for the front, and by training their seven children for God and The Army, Mrs. Rees has placed her comrades under a lasting debt of gratitude.

Mrs. Rees came into touch with The Army at Antwerp, in Yorkshire, about thirty years ago. A converted actress was leading the meetings. There she was converted. There she met Captain David Rees, the Commanding Officer, and learned to regard him with something more than ordinary respect.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Rees were married at Sheffield IV, twenty-eight years ago.

## MRS. COLONEL MAIDMENT

Mrs. Colonel Maidment is not yet widely known in the Dominion, having arrived so recently, but once met she is not soon forgotten. There is life and breeziness about her that always leave their impression. You may take it for granted that she will not in the orthodox thing in the orthodox way, and you may be equally sure that she will take what seems to her to be the most direct route to her goal.

Physically she is slender but wiry, and possessed of boundless energy.

On the platform her denunciations are sometimes startling, her reminiscences laugh-provoking, and her illustrations pathetic.

In the sense that she is a Salvationist of the Salvationists she is exactly like her husband. In many other respects they are opposites, or should we not say, complements? It would be entertaining to follow down some of these contrasts, but serious things have sometimes arisen from such comparisons, and we must leave our readers to judge for themselves when they see the Chief Secretary and his wife together. The Colonel and Mrs. Maidment knew each other as quite young people, and both came out from the Bourne-mouth Corps.

Mrs. Maidment loves the platform and public work, but she is an excellent mother and housewife, and the soul of kindness.

## MRS. COLONEL GASKIN

Before marriage, Mrs. Gaskin served for seven years in the British Field, where she was then known as Captain Green. She came out of Hinckley Corps, and her last Field appointment was Othello. Since their transfer to Canada, sixteen years ago, Mrs. Gaskin's work has been in consequence of the fact that the Colony's appointments have mostly been at Territorial Headquarters, largely centred in Toronto.

Here she is known and loved as a woman of tender heart and womanly sympathy. She has done much good work in connection with the League of Mercy, her visits to hospitals, to prisons, and to the bedside of the sick and dying being looked forward to with pleasure and remembered in benediction.

On the platform Mrs. Gaskin speaks with deliberation and quiet restraint, force that reveals heart and keen desire to help and bless. In the home she likes everything to be brisk and span, as her own appearance suggests.

She is at present on furlough with the Colonel, whose new appointment is that of Field Secretary.

## MRS. LT.-COLONEL CHANDLER

"The dear Lord's best interpreters," it has been said, "are humble, human souls." Mrs. Chandler would certainly wish to be placed among the latter, and, we think, on the judgment of those who know her well, we may also safely include her in the former. For she prefers to work away from the fierce light of publicity. Not that she shrinks from platform responsibilities. She is, on the other hand, a forceful, helpful speaker whose exhortations are never up in the air, but right down on the vital spiritual necessities of men and women; and she solves with good effect.

But to see her at her best you may have to follow her from the platform, or from her home, at some unobtrusive hour of the night, to the bedside of the sick and dying. There a warm heart, technical knowledge, and practical experience—she was for some years a nurse in a Boston hospital—make her coming ever welcome and her presence prized as that of an angel of mercy.

In coming to Canada a few years ago Mrs. Chandler was returning to her native country. She was born at Halifax, N.S. There as a girl she met The Army, and there twenty-seven years ago was converted under Staff-Captain Nellie Banks, now Mrs. Staff-Captain Malloy. Remaining in Boston, she served as a Soldier, and from there, about fifteen years ago, became an Officer. She held Field Appointments in New York City and New Jersey, and as Staff-Captain Witton, was at the time of her marriage attached to the Central Provincial Headquarters.

## MRS. BRIGADIER MOREHEAD

When Mrs. Brigadier Morehead, then quite young in years, first saw the women Officers who came to introduce The Army to the Nottinghamshire town of Hucknall, Turkey, she thought they were angels and nothing less, and yet even they were capable of a very human error, for when their girl admirer, with many greetings, came to the penitential-form one night, they entirely overlooked her. "No one spoke to me," she says, "but I heard the voice of God speak peace to my heart; and that is now twenty-five years ago."

Mrs. Morehead is one of an Army family, three of whom are Officers—Staff-Captain Sam Wright, Adjutant William Wright, and herself, and one of the greatest joys of her life was the conversion of her father in one of our glorified General's meetings at Hucknall many years ago. She herself is a Salvationist through and through. On the platform, very like her husband, fiery, dramatic, pathetic, forceful. She thinks she fought the greatest difficulties of her career while a Cadet in the International Training House. There, she says, a good foundation was laid for which she will ever be grateful.

There are two children—now grown up.

## MRS. BRIGADIER GREEN

Until Mrs. Brigadier Green saw The Army in the historic Pull-on Theatre, Bradford, England, she had no idea she could have so many boys had an opportunity of going out as missionaries; girls not. That was what she wanted to do. But at sight of Captain Polly Burnell, surrounded by numerous sinners, and then converted in her meetings, she cried out and then the manner of men and women who do their own thinking, there are the people who give words a chance; and at once went to the penitential-form on the stage.

Mrs. Green is able to share the work of the one who take charge of a Corps as need may arise. She has done so. Her greatest joy is perhaps obtained in taking part in the sorrow of others. She accompanies her husband on all his tours, and while he is occupied with necessary business she with the necessitous or wife of the business, goes visiting the sick or the discouraged. In some Corps she has thus called on every Soldier where some appears on the roll.

When at home she visits the hospital, and sick people generally. She is at Westminster Jail almost every Sunday when in Vancouver, and she also visits the Jail at Victoria, Lethbridge, Nelson and other places, and many prisoners have been converted as a result of her efforts.

## MRS. BRIGADIER RAWLING

Born at Windsor (Ont.), Miss Rawling moved while quite young with her parents, to Paris (Ont.) and there she met The Army. She was only about fourteen years old, and at that time the family were passing through a season of trial and darkness, in that she believed had just passed away. Under the influence of her sorrow the mother attended Army meetings, and was converted. This led to the surrender of Miss Rawling, who at once took her stand as a Soldier, and after three years of faithful fighting in the home Corps, "The War Cry" dated June 10th, 1887, greeted her as having entered training.

Her stay in the College was brief—characteristic of those early days—when in August she was commissioned as Captain to the command of a Corps in West Ontario. Rough and tumble experiences, while visiting and "War Cry" selling, as a Cadet had done something to prepare the young Officer for the next six years of her career on the Field.

In the summer of 1893 she was married to Captain Rawling, to whom for nearly twenty years she has been a devoted wife. In her own words, "a tower of strength." Greatly attached to home and children, she is nevertheless always ready at duty's call to the front.

## MRS. BRIGADIER ADBY

Having entered the civil service, it was hardly to be expected that young woman, who was stationed behind the grill of a post-office counter and having no knowledge of The Salvation Army, would within three or four years abandon her situation to become an Army Officer. That is what happened in the case of Mrs. Brigadier Adby, then Miss Ginn, of Birmingham, England. Her parents were not exactly elated at the thought of their daughter becoming a Salvationist, and to pacify them she promised not to go to the length of marching the streets behind the band. Alas! for her promise—and for all such promises. It was like a millions and she did not, and she had just said as you that she was they had in training. All that was in 1893.

Her ability at the desk has been of the greatest service to her in The Army, and the Brigadier, married while a Field Officer, could not have found better assistance in the work of the office than that which his good wife has supplied.

Mrs. Adby is also musical and quite at home on the platform. Well able to hold her own, she is an unflinching strength to her husband—a woman of many activities in the home, in the office, and in the public, and in the many ministrations of mercy that are at once the joy and concern of an Officer's life.

## MRS. MAJOR McLEAN

Born across the frontier, in Illinois, Mrs. Major McLean removed when quite a child, with her parents, to Spring Hill, Iowa, and thence, in the early 'eighties, to the Army invaded the town her life has been bound up with the Organization of her choice. In those days she was but a girl. Natural curiosity drew her to The Army. She was impressed with the devotion of its Officers, and with many other seekers, at once went to the penitential-form. A cousin who had been converted at the same time also became an Officer, and died under the colours. Indeed, the whole Redpath family were "baptized," and in their Nova Scotia home they have hospitably entertained many Salvationist angels.

Having become an Officer in 1886, Mrs. McLean has seen four years of service. She has been hard on her feet, and the family of five children, naturally makes many demands upon her time and strength. She has good platform ability, sings sweetly, and plays a guitar.

Mild in disposition, and gentle in manner, Mrs. McLean is, we have been assured by one who knows her, liked by everybody. In sorrow's crucible her spirit has been refined. She has learned to rejoice with those that do rejoice and to weep with those that weep.

(Continued on Page 22)



# EDITORIAL GREETINGS



## CONCERNING YOU AND ME.

It is the first and the constant business of Army Editors to preach Salvation and Holiness by means of the papers committed to their charge. In our endeavours faithfully to discharge this responsibility from week to week we are encouraged by the messages of gratitude that reach us, and we ask comrades and friends throughout the Territory to help us further by fervently praying for the spiritual effectiveness of "The War Cry," by corresponding with us regarding the work of The Army as they see it, and by opinion and effort around them, and by introducing our paper to new readers.

Again, suggestions are earnestly invited. The Editor's work is mostly open. He wishes to keep in close touch with his readers. The "magnificent discourses" of the Territory, and the demands of his work will perhaps prevent his visiting far-away comrades very often. But the position and the telegraphic messenger are always our most ready and willing servants. May we urge you to keep them busy in the interests of The War Cry. Dig up the hidden treasure in the rich fields of your memory, and address your suggestions to the Editor, "The War Cry," Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert streets, Toronto, Ont.

Yes, comrades, we said NUGGETS. We are pleased to be able to print in this issue some valuable contributions from our readers. We want more of the same kind.

What is Salvation? And what is Holiness? The question must be asked more frequently with advantage to writer and reader, for even Salvationists are liable sometimes to speak and write with their heads a little in the air, taking too much for granted. A pointed definition is never out of place. We reprint two exceptionally good ones from a recent issue of the Canadian "War Cry." The first is an extract from an autograph message by General W. Bramwell Booth.

"Holiness is the Abolition of Sin, the Doing of Righteousness, and the Embrace of the Word of His Majesty, it is Health, it is Union, it is Victory, it is joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, begun in Baptism and Abolition, made complete through holy and soul and spirit in Full Salvation, and brought to Perfection in the Maturity and Fruitfulness of an obedient heart and a consecrated life."

"If Holiness is possible anywhere, to anyone, at any time, it must be possible everywhere, to everyone, and all the time, and therefore, To You and Just Now. Desire it above everything else. Seek it before everything else. Pay the price marked on it—nothing less than the sum total of Your All, and begin now to believe God is True, and you shall have it. He is Faithful. I have proved Him."

The second is also from the writings of one of our Leaders:

"Salvation includes the forgiveness of sins. When we say that a man is saved, we mean that God has pardoned him. Sin is a transgression of the Divine law, and must be either pardoned or punished by God Himself, against Whom it has been committed by the sinner, and the greater part of five hundred persons are stated to be still living, who saw the face with their own eyes."

Salvation implies conversion, which means a change of heart. When men first discover their real condition before God they find out that they want help from two directions:

"In the first place they have broken the law of God, and need forgiveness."

"And then their evil habits have got such a mastery over them that they cannot help but sin they are really slaves, and want deliverance."

"To meet the first need there is the blessing of pardon; and for the second there is the instruction of the power of evil by the Holy Ghost."

"It was the gift of the Resurrection, not the place of the burial of our Lord, that set the world ablaze."

"As to that last there is, of course, no necessity. Without the Resurrection, and the teaching of Paul, there could be no Christ."

To our Readers, Easter Greetings from the Editorial Staff. That they may walk and talk and fight and serve with the Risen Lord, and that they may know the power of His Resurrection—these are our best wishes for them all. Then will they glow from the heart and to all the world fearlessly away.

"Lo, a New Creation dawning!  
Lo, I rise to Life Divine!  
In my soul an Easter Morning,  
I am Christ and Christ is mine."

## EASTER AND THE CHILDREN.

The celebration of Easter would not be complete unless the children had some share in it. Though they may not quite understand all that is meant by the Saviour's death and Resurrection, yet their young hearts may rejoice at the thought that Jesus is their Friend, and that He ever lives to help them to be good. And so they may make their Hallelujahs with those of their fathers and mothers, their big brothers and sisters, and all their grown-up relatives and friends.

For it is quite true that children can know the grace of God, and be in possession of "a heart washed white, that loves the right." To such God is ever ready to impart His secrets as to little Samuel of olden times. Thus it is even possible, may perhaps, that a saved child knows more of the inner meaning of the momentous events of Easter week than many a grown-up person, whose heart is not right.

So let the children sing Hosanna to His Name this Easteride, and their zeal will no more offend "David's Royal Son" than did the shoutings and rejoicings of the multitude of Jerusalem when He made His triumphal entry into that city. "If these should hold their peace," said Jesus, "the stones would immediately cry out."

Let us remember, however, that our Risen Saviour demands much more of us than lip-service. We can shout Hallelujah all we like (in The Army, at any rate), but what pleases Him most is the actual "giving up of our lives to His service."

SIDNEY A. CHURCH (Essence).

Infancy, no deliverance from sin, and no future life. In his letter to the Corinthian Christians, probably the first written account of the Resurrection of Christ, he writes fearlessly and with great confidence, "There is," in his declaration, "no hesitation or half-heartedness. The language is not that of a man who says, 'I hope,' I believe, but 'I know!'"

He was writing only about twenty-five years after the Resurrection, and there were a great many witnesses still alive who could be questioned as to what they had seen and heard. Nor would there have been any impossibility in the investigation, for the City of Jerusalem was by no means difficult of access from Corinth, and abundant opportunity existed for disproving the assertions of the Apostle, if such disproval were possible.

Paul's testimony is definite and precise. "Names of living men are given, men who had themselves publicly stated that they had eaten and drunk with Jesus after He had risen from the dead. Questions are mentioned, and the greater part of five hundred persons are stated to be still living, who saw the face with their own eyes."

And yet, important as all this was to the early Christians and is to us, the fact of supreme significance to you and to me, is that Christ has risen with sin-cleansing and healing power in our hearts, unless He has come to abide in and control our lives. His suffering in the Garden, His agony upon the Cross, and His Resurrection from the dead were all in vain so far as we are concerned—we are yet in our sins; and He died and rose again for the dead to save us to the term of life in sin.

Men and women learn by the things they suffer. Were we more apt scholars in God's school, higher education would, perhaps, take a different course. We have for long understood

## AN EASTER IN EVERY HEART.

Do we realize the full meaning of the Easter seasons as they come and go? Is it anything more than a time when we greet each other with a well-meant "Happy Easter!" don our best uniforms in order to attend the Easter gatherings, and sing with our comrades "Christ is risen from the dead!"—at once forgetting all about the event which alone can bring an Easter into the lives of the spiritually dead. For a moment let us consider in what manner the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord can affect our own hearts.

It can bring us to the point of denying self; of dying to the world with its God-defying rush for riches and power, its lusts and its passions. The Saviour died that we might die to sin, just as much as He rose from the dead to bring about a Resurrection in our hearts. And this can take place here, upon this earth. Do you believe it?

Some of our comrades—may I, for a moment, address the Bandmen and Songsters particularly—have lost that earnestness and love for the fighting life. They are worn Salvationists, to say the least, and their hearts are cold.

Oh, for a Resurrection of that earnestness for the sinners their music and songs were intended to reach. They do not grasp the precious opportunities to reach some perishing sinner, whether the Band or Songster Brigade is present or not at the meeting. They wait for somebody else, and often "somebody else" fails to speak clearly, and results that an awful silence falls upon the meeting.

Oh for a Resurrection of that concern for souls which causes men and women to wrestle, tears and prayers, for the salvation of the men and women around us!

Come again to Calvary and look upon your Saviour. Come seeking "the power of His Resurrection," and His love for the lost. So shall you realize the true meaning of the word "Resurrection"—"a rising from the dead."

J. EDWARD DODD (Captain).

this as a theory generally approved and confirmed by the history of other people, and we hope we have not been wanting in sympathy with those who sorrow. But our experience of the last few months has taken us out into deeper waters than we have ever passed through before, and we think it may not be out of place to mention some of our compensations and discoveries.

We have been astonished, and humbled, to find that there are so many other mothers and fathers whose hearts are also aching, even while calmly trusting, over the loss of a little cherub from their own fond family circle—parents who can only speak of one and say, may be long ago, and one sacred little spot, may be far away, with tears and prayers. "We couldn't look the door the night after we had buried our baby," said a father to us once. "How could I shut the little fellow out there in the cold, dark night?"

We have been astonished, and deeply touched, to have been the subjects of such widespread sympathy. Nothing could have given us personally more convincing proof of the essential oneness of the spirit of the universal Army.

We have been filled with overflowing gratitude to God for the revelations of His love that have been made to us so vividly revealing this new and darksome way, and for His tender mercies and sustaining grace. We thank our Heavenly Father for these blessings in our own lives; for the help that has been given us; for the comfort in other lives we have been manifested in.

May we for the benefit of the fathers and mothers already mentioned, pass on the words of a man of God, words uttered in the presence of death, which we know have brought consolation in many breaking hearts:

"God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and we transcend ours. He may see conditions where we see only helplessness. There is neither waste nor forcefulness in God. With sunrise the child will be up again, not wither as when he has been down, but happy and eager for the New Day."

HENRY W. WALKER (Prigadier).

## Favourite Songs and Why

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Because in its lines it embodies the sacrifice of Christ, a soul's contemplation of the love and the surrendering of the soul and love in the greatest love revealed in John 15: 13.

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

"I love the old song, too, because of its memories. A group of Women Officers were gathered together in a corner of the lecture hall in Chilton, the bully of the Army Mocker lay in the see here she lay "like a warrior taking her rest." We had talked of her life and victorious death and somehow we drifted to our own heart's experiences. One Cadet particularly, I remember, told me the previous Easter he had been in that memorable October in 1890 she had been led to consecrate herself for service in The Salvation Army. In a dream she saw the Saviour hanging on the Cross. She looked and looked until her very almost being yearned to prove her love. The opportunity was hers. She followed the "call" and became obedient to the heavenly vision. Years have gone by. Our country fought valiantly on many a continental battlefield. Some two years ago she went home. Memories many crowd around her in the memory's vision. "They are a continual fragrance, and will be now on through Eternity."—M. Dark, Lind-say, Ont.

## HE LIFTED ME.

There isn't a place in all the books printed that I do not like and find some soul-stirring element in, but this piece somehow, I can say "while it is not my real favourite, I think of it as my ideal Easterlike piece. If Christ had died where the cup became too bitter to drink to the dregs its contents for our Redemption, there had been no power to lift us from sin and despair, and I can praise Him for the power in the Blood to lift us up out of darkness into His marvelous light. When temptation is strong and we gain a victory through Him, how lustily we can sing, "He lifted me," the Christ the Son of the Most High. When every-day trials come, if we look to Him we can sing from the depths of our soul "He lifted me." We don't know why He should have lifted us when we seem ourselves over, there is nothing in us but sin. But He lifts us, and then there is the gentleness and sweetness of Jesus shining through the windows that were besieged with the midnight sins that Satan got us to do. But He loves to lift us and set our feet upon the firm Rock and give us a new song—the song of Praise and Glory. Bless God, I think that the grandest Easterlike song. He lifted us from sin to become sons of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ.—Mrs. Roff, Toronto.

## MRS. MAJOR TAYLOR.

Mrs. Taylor's first impressions of The Army were gathered from a religious (?) magazine, which likened the Movement to "a devastating fire, sweeping over prairie and forest, making a specular blaze, but leaving only a charred and blackened landscape behind."

Perhaps this accounts for the fact that several weeks passed before she attended a meeting. When she did go, however, the earnestness of the Officers, and particularly the definiteness of their testimony, convinced her that they were in possession of what she longed for: assurance of sin forgiven, and an abiding consciousness of God's favour.

Although but a young girl, her conversion was clear. She fought as a Soldier for some months, was accepted for Officership, and at the age of seventeen was Captain in charge of a Corps.

Various appointments as Field, Training, and District Officer followed in Canada and Newfoundland. In the year 1904 she was married to the Major. The same fighting qualities which marked her career as a single Officer have been just as much in evidence since marriage. When possible she has taken part in League of Mercy work, her sympathies always going out to those in sorrow or need.

She holds strong convictions about the proper care of an Officer's quarters, and the importance of mothers giving their children to the training and oversight of their fathers. Her many years of service in different branches of Army work have given her a fund of actual experience which is invaluable in her present position.

## Canadian Field Officer

(Continued from Page 8.)

After some demurs he finally allowed them to join him in the strict understanding that they must not so much as mention the subject of religion in his presence. He himself had no belief in God, and a small number of the spare men was present to support him in his roll and bar-ter denial.

The Officers kept their part of the contract, gaining, however, his reluctant consent for prayer or before leaving.

After this manner they called again and again, but seemed to make little progress. Once or twice the Staff-Captain tried to speak of the men's need of God, but she was instantly rebuffed.

Then he had another serious attack, and, in the Staff-Captain's joy, he sent a message asking her to "Oh, Mr. Major, I have a question," she said, on seeing him, "supposing God had taken you with this sudden turn, what would have become of your soul?"

"It would have been all right, Captain," he replied, with quiet confidence and a haunting countenance. "Since you have been visiting me I have come to see things in quite another light. Now I know God is my Saviour."

Soon afterwards he was removed to the hospital. In the ward there was a man who had been like he used to be—who would not listen to anything about God. Now he was in terrible pain, and Hamilton expressed his sympathy with him. Leaving the sufferer for the night, he said "I shall pray for you that your pain may cease and that you may have a little rest."

When, later, the nurse came round she was astonished to find the poor fellow in a sound sleep.

## In Death Victorious.

As for Hamilton, he died with his open Bible before him, leaving a glorious testimony.

The Staff-Captain's love of visitation is explained by a still deeper conviction—her love of and deep interest in the people. The angel who visited Abimelech would place the name of Hagar, high on his records. She is at home among the people. In dealing with their sorrows and difficulties, "she has a way with her," as a poet would say, and she has boundless patience, and not a little tact. Good, serviceable gifts and qualities, and such as even the youngest Officer may, on the hardest field, also possess. It should be added that Staff-Captain Taylor has no peer in a Corps while any delicate remains. She has abilities with a moral latent.

To go back to the Staff-Captain's call, she was converted when thirteen or fourteen years of age, but four or five years before that she had been so powerfully impressed by the appeal of a returned missionary from India that she resolved that as soon as it became possible she would herself go out to the missionary field. She never thought then of the fields while until harvest in the home country.

Waiting Fields at Home.

But when, a few years later, The Army in the persons of two women Officers, came to Paris (Ont.), her eyes were opened and new and glorious prospects broke in upon her horizon. Here, waiting at her feet, was an immediate opportunity. Her father is stated to let her become an Officer while so young—she was not yet seventeen. But he could not forget that he had himself discovered the call of God to the ministry, and with the regrettable consequences of that wrong step in his mind he dare not now stand in the way of his daughter's obedience.

You know the rest.

Briefly summarized the Staff-Captain's career as an Officer is as follows:

Accepted May, 1888, entered Training a month later. Commissioned as Captain. First appointment, however, subsequent commands from some of which, owing mainly to difficulties arising out of small populations, The Army has since withdrawn. Southampton, Worcester, Paisley, Winton, Clinton, Bedford. From here the Staff-Captain was sent to the West: Nanaimo, Vancouver, New Westminster, Fort William (opening), Selkirk, Warden, Virden, Calgary, Prince Albert, Graham.

For six years followed the Staff-Captain had charge of various sections, including Central Corps. These were: Devon, Lake, Fargo, Brandon, Jamestown, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat, Calgary (second time) and Grand Forks. Then followed charge of Vancouver 1 (second time a year of three years) and Victoria, B.C., four years. In many years of service in different branches of Army work have given her a fund of actual experience which is invaluable in her present position.

Promotion to her present rank came to our comrade in April, 1907.

## Gallery of Women Officers

(Continued from Page 20.)

## MRS. BRIGADIER TAYLOR.

Of Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, the wife of the Training College Principal, it may well be said, in the words of Russell Lowell, "She death-like kindness, which must leave no room for doubt or dispute." At the way, had the part been acquainted with the woman of The Army, would he have used the word "mild"? We feel fairly certain that they would have made some less sweeping statement.)

She may not be such a firebrand as her husband, but in dealing a meeting she is "all there" and she was a Corps Commanding Officer before marriage. But her delight is to find out those who are in distress, in sorrow, or in trouble of any kind, and quickly to administer to their needs. In so doing she is quite ready to even deplete herself. "We must give, we can spare from our own cupboard or wardrobe," she will say to those around her, but never a word will she breathe about it to anyone else. "You have got to 'give' for such information."

Mrs. Taylor has a strong and tender love for children and young people. For eighteen months or so she was Bible Class leader at the Chiltern Corps, and has some twenty Junior's Secretaries. Her work in the Corps is warmly appreciated, and she has taken up her abode responsibility for the children in the urgent wish of the Officers.

As for Captain Carr, Mrs. Taylor is remembered on the British Field. She has, from York-shire, and if she has the sturdy forthrightness which is thoroughly typical of the women of that county, she has also the equally characteristic warm motherly heart.

## MRS. MAJOR FRANK MORRIS.

Mrs. Major Frank Morris has had good experience of both Field and Secretarial work since she became an Officer, from St. John, N.B., in 1902, but while she would be quite happy in the work of the Divisional Headquarters, she is sure that there is nothing to equal the joy and blessing that attend the day-by-day visitation of a Corps Commanding Officer. Her opportunity on the field appeared to her most strongly from this standpoint, and several converts thus gained have since become Officers.

As a mother of two little children and the wife of a Divisional Commander, Mrs. Morris is of course, her share of trial and sorrow, but she is a lover of life. She recalls her hard fight on the field with the sparkle of delight in her eyes, and tells with gusto, for instance, of a memorable week-end in Lunenburg, when the roughs cut open the drum-head, smashed the Hall lamps, and generally turned things topsy-turvy.

Here a sunny disposition and a strong will are happily blended. An Officer of ability on the platform, although timidity has had its terrors for her, Mrs. Morris is a bright and winning singer, an unwearied fighter in prayer meetings, and a woman of spirit and courage. At the time of her marriage to the Major she was known as Eugénie French, of Territorial Headquarters.

## MRS. MAJOR BARR.

Asked when had been her greatest joy as an Officer, Mrs. Major Barr replied, "Sorrowful. That is sufficiently brief. But when one mentioned sacrifice, never a word could one get. Some, we have heard, considered it a sacrifice to go to the Klondike in 1900, as she went, with a baby six months old. To her it was a matter of course, being, as she understood, in line with God's purpose for her.

How is a quiet strength that sustains steadily, onward tread accepting cheerfully the responsibilities to which God in His providence calls her. She is a whole-souled Salvationist, and recognizes His requirements in all of life's changes. Her journeyings as an Officer have taken her as far as to the Yukon in one direction and to Newfoundland in another.

Mrs. Barr met The Army at her home, Palmerston (Ont.) in 1894, and from the first was much impressed. In August of the next year she sought Christ in an Army meeting, and the two following years in a Watch-night service; at least, the deciding moment came then, and twenty-two years ago she entered the Training Home.

## SONGS ABOUT EASTER

Tunes—"It was on the Cross," 8; "Thy will be Done," 18.

3 Extended on a cursed tree,  
Besmeared with dust and sweat and blood.  
See there, the King of Glory, see!  
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

## Chorus:

It was on the Cross He shed His Blood,  
It was there He was crucified;  
But He rose again, and He lives in my heart,  
Where all is peace and perfect love.

The burden for me to sustain  
Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid;  
To heed me 'Thou hast borne my pain;  
To bless me 'Thou a curse was made.

My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,  
How per the mighty debt I owe?  
Let all I have and all I am  
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.

Tune—Innocents, 83; Song-Book, 800.

2 Sons of men and angels say:  
Laise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heavens! then earth reply.

Lo! the redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell;  
Death in vain forbids His rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:  
Where O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died our souls to save;  
Where's Thy victory, boasting glee?

Tune—Euphony, 116; Song-Book, 803.

In wondrous love and might arrayed,  
To-day our Jesus left the tomb;  
He burst the chains that death had made;  
To save the world from endless gloom;  
Now none need find a sinner's grave,  
Since Jesus lives, and lives to save!

To-day He closed the gates of Hell,  
And opened wide the doors of Heaven;  
Oh, help our songs of praise to swell,  
And join the ranks of those forgiven!  
Seize the pierced hand He offers thee,  
From sin's dark curse this moment free!

"Tune—"Behold the Lamb," 122; Song-Book, 13.

4 Behold! behold the Lamb of God,  
On the Cross,  
For as He shed His precious Blood,  
On the Cross.

Oh, hear His all-important cry,  
"Why perish, Blood-bought sinner, why?"  
Draw near and see your Saviour die,  
On the Cross.

Behold His arms extended wide,  
On the Cross,  
Behold His bleeding hands and side,  
On the Cross.

The sun withholds his rays of light,  
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,  
While Jesus does with devils fight,  
On the Cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,  
On the Cross,  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the Cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth Salvation make,  
While Jesus suffers for our sake,  
On the Cross.

Tune—"Sinner, see you light, 271; Are you washed? 272; Song-Book, 29.

5 Sinner, see you light, shining clear and bright  
From the cross of Calvary, where the Saviour  
died, and from his side,  
Flowed the blood that sets us free.

Come away, come away,  
To the cross for refuge flee;  
See, the Saviour stands,  
With His bleeding hands,  
Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

Ser, the Saviour stands, with His wounded hands,  
And He calls aloud to thee, "I for thee life gave,  
thy soul to save,  
Now thy heart, Oh give to Me!"

Come away to Him and confess thy sin,  
Come to Him who died for thee, to His feet  
draw near with heart sincere,  
And from sin He'll set thee free.

Tune—"He lives," 138; Song-Book, 802.

6 O joyful sound, O glorious hour,  
When Christ, by His almighty power,  
Arose and led the grave;  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who broke the chains of death and Hell,  
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten from the dead,  
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,  
Immortal life to bring;  
What though the saints like Him shall die—  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

No more we tremble at the grave;  
For He who died our souls to save  
Will raise our bodies too;  
What though this earthly house shall fall—  
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,  
And build it up anew.

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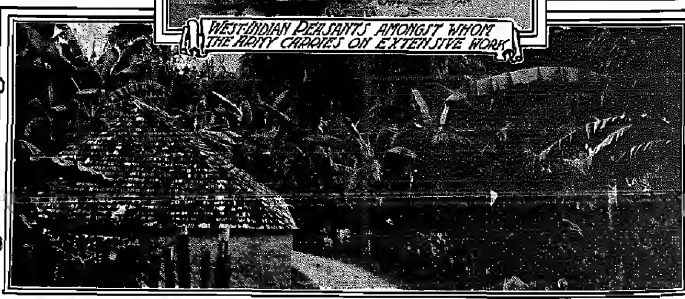
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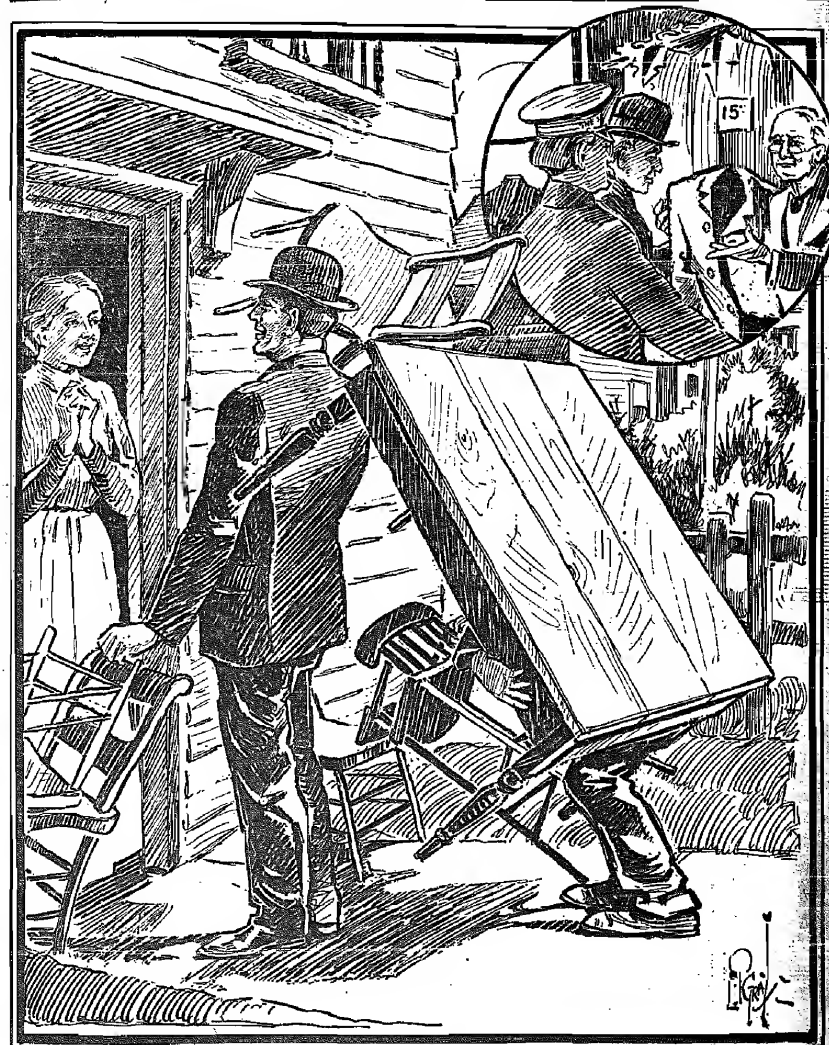
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## The Confession of George Bell

(1) THE OFFICER TOOK HIM TO GET A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES. (2) THE BEGINNINGS OF A NEW HOME. (See Page 25)